SACRED
HYMNS
For the Use of
Religious Societies.

By JOHN CENNICK,
Late of READING in *Berkshire.*

Speaking to yourselves in Psalms, and Hymns, and Spiritual Songs, singing and making Melody in your Hearts to the LORD, Eph. v. 19.

And one cried unto another, and said, Holy, holy, holy is the LORD *of Hosts, the whole Earth is full of his Glory,* Isa. vi. 3.

PART III.

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SACRED HYMNS

For the Use of

Religious Societies, &c.

HYMN I.

Pray for the Peace of Jeruſalem, *they ſhall proſper that love Thee.*

1 JESUS, Maſter, Biſhop of thy Train,
Who to ranſom thy few Sheep waſt ſlain,
See thy *Elders*, gracious ſee;
Make us copy after Thee,
Shewing all Men, thou didſt us ordain.

2 View the *Labour'rs*, *Helps*, and ſuch as rule
Thro' thy Appointment in the Church our School,
Wiſdom give them and Concern
For the Souls that come to learn,
Give them Patience with the Children dull.

3 Grant us *Saviour* an unwearied Mind,
Make us willing where a Soul we find,
Night and Day to watch and ſtrive
With him till he ſhall believe;
Still forbearing, loving, ſimple, kind.

4 Let the Servants of thy Servants be
Knit together in Sincerity,
So together let them keep
In their Comforts, when they weep;
All true Builders, Lord, agreed in Thee.

5 See the *Widows* poor and deſolate,
Be their Huſband, bleſs their Widow-State,
Let them kind and tender be
Of the Virgin Company;
Make them Mothers, and compaſſionate.

6 See the *Married*, bleſs the ſacred Tye,
Give that Order all a ſingle Eye;
Let them happy forward move
Teach their Children in thy Love,
Be as Nurſes to thy Family.

7 *Single Brethren* alſo claim thy Care,
Elder Brother, ſingle thou whilſt here;
Make them chaſte and ſtrong beſide,
Flying youthful Luſts and Pride,
Sure to overcome and perſevere.

8 So thy *Daughters*, who no Huſband have,
None beſide Thee, them from Harm to ſave,
Take, *O Lamb of God*, their Part.
Seize th' Affections of each Heart,
And unſpotted keep them to the Grave.

9 *Little Children* we have too with us
Who are minded to take up thy Croſs,
Little Boys and *Girls* wou'd fain
Join among thy ranſom'd Train,
Make them early good as *Samuel* was.

10 *Infants* alſo, Saviour, we have brought,
Many Years ſince thou refus'dſt them not,
Take them, lay thy Hands on them,
Mark them kindly with thy Name,
Thou their Angels haſt redeem'd and bought.

11 All thy *Pilgrims* in this Wilderneſs
With thy Preſence, *Lord Almighty*, bleſs
With thy choiceſt Favours ſtill
Honour them go where they will,
Till thy Glory, fully they poſſeſs.

12 This *Immanuel*, this and more beſtow
On thy *Virgin Bride*, and Houſe below,
Lov'ſt thou dearly her? then grant
All her Sons and Daughters want
So thy Praiſes ſhall thy *Sion* ſhew.

HYMN II.

Set me as a Seal upon thine Heart, as a Seal upon thine Arm.

1 GREAT *Redeemer*, whom the Sons of *God*,
Haven'd ſafely in the bright Abode,
Sing in Lays which none can learn,
Save they who thy Blood diſcern,
Waſh me, waſh me in the ſacred Flood.

2 Like the Spirits perfect by Thee made,
In white Linen, gloriously array'd,
So thy begging Suppliant make
For thy tender Mercy's sake,
Then to Glory let me be convey'd.

3 There the Faithful, there the First born Troop,
Thro' thy Bleeding, *Lord*, are lifted up,
Far above the Scepter's Thrones,
Here possess'd by Earth-born Sons,
Seal'd with *Jesus*, his dear Bride to sup.

4 Till I join them, 'till my Spirit soars,
Yonder swiftly to the heav'nly Shores,
Join me in their Spirit, join,
Seal to them this Soul of mine;
So I'll praise Thee with my choicest Pow'rs.

5 Seal me, *Master*, on thy Arm, 'till Thee
I in all the *Father's* Glory see:
Also let me be assur'd,
I my dear, my loving *Lord*,
Never, never shall forgotten be!

HYMN III.

See that ye walk circumspectly.

A DIALOGUE.

1 *CHIEF Elder* in thy Church and House,
Look on thy Family:
Be tender of thy dear-bought Spouse,
Thy dear-bought Spouse are we.

2 Thy

2 Thy Servants (all our Brethren) look
To Thee, for Sinners ſlain:
Thy Handmaids, Jeſus, Thee invoke,
To watch our weaker Train.

3 Give us to walk that ſo thy Name
May by us honour'd be:
Give us the Spirit of a Lamb,
Unfeign'd Simplicity.

4 O let a loving Spirit rule,
A Child-like Spirit reign:
Let all like Thee be merciful,
Like Thee from Wrath refrain.

5 Whilſt in the World, may we adorn
The Goſpel of thy Blood;
And walk 'midſt cruel Jeers and Scorn,
As did our Maſter GOD.

6 In Meekneſs (ſuch as Thee oppoſe)
May we to Jeſus win:
And teach thy Bride, thy fav'rite Spouſe,
T' invite poor Strangers in.

7 Let none be barren 'midſt thy Sheep,
Unleſs in Faults and Sins:
Let all win Souls for Thee to keep,
And ev'ry one bring Twins.

8 Make us become a burning Light,
A Guide to ſuch as ſtray:
And lovingly in all Men's Sight,
Go ſweetly on our Way.

HYMN IV.

I determined not to know any Thing among you, ſave JESUS CHRIST, *and Him crucified*

1 I Fix my Reſolutions now,
I now determin'd am,
Chriſt crucify'd alone to know,
That dear deſpiſed *Lamb*.

2 Let others of Opinions boaſt
How orthodox and ſound;
Or talk of Names (far better loſt)
From whence Diſputes abound.

3 I will not longer be deceiv'd,
To all I'll ſtop mine Ears;
But what is of the *Lamb* believ'd,
His Blood, Death, Wounds, and Tears.

4 Tell me of *this*, my Friends, and ſay
How much of *this* ye prove:
I'll hearken then (tho' all the Day)
I'll join to bleſs his Love.

5 Diſputings do but gender Strife,
And tender Minds pervert;
Deſtroy Religion's Pow'r and Life,
And cauſe our *Saviour* Smart.

6 But

6 But *Jesu's* Righteouſneſs and Death
When that we make our Theme,
Will edify us in the Faith
Of his Eternal Name.

7 This Deep, this Ocean ſhall employ
My Thoughts, my Ears, my Tongue,
Till in the Realms of pureſt Joy,
I make it all my Song.

8 To know the *Saviour* more and more,
The Riches of his Blood,
His Death, his Reſurrection's Pow'r
I'll ſtill beſeech my *God*.

HYMN V.

Commune with your own Heart, and be ſtill.

1 IF e'er I would my *Saviour* find,
I to my Heart repair:
If e'er I want to know his Mind,
I go and learn it there.

2 There he reveals his Secrets deep,
And there he ſheds abroad
His pard'ning Love, and there I keep
Up Fellowſhip with *God*.

3 My Heart is now his Temple chaſte,
His Blood hath made it ſo:

His

His House where he delights to rest,
His Mercy-Seat below.

4 There let my Brethren look and wait,
In holy Silence there:
Let nothing move while there ye sit,
But Sighs, and Tears, and Pray'r.

5 Believe he dy'd for you and look
'Till he himself reveals:
'Till you draw Water from that *Rock*,
And he your Spirit fills.

6 There hold him fast, by Faith, my Friends,
Nor let him once depart:
'Till he your ev'ry Trouble ends,
O keep him in your Heart.

HYMN VI.

How dreadful is this Place! this is none other but the House of God, and this is the Gate of Heaven.

1 HERE is the *Lord!* Let all adore!
How dreadful is the Place!
This is the Gate of Heav'n, ye Poor!
Attend and beg for Grace.

2 Here is the *Lamb* amidst us now,
He spreads his gracious Hands:

With

With Bleſſings for his Church below,
Our dear *Redeemer* ſtands.

3 *Aſk what ye will*, he ſaith, *and I*
Your large Requeſt will grant;
Your many Needs will I ſupply,
And anſwer every Want.

4 Dear Brethren think how nigh you ſit,
To him who bled for you;
Fall down and worſhip at his Feet,
Who loves and meets you ſo.

5 What glorious Favours are conferr'd
Upon us by the *Lamb*?
See how he treats, with kind Regard,
The People of his Name.

6 The happy Angels hov'ring round,
Our Mercies wond'ring ſee:
Let us not then unmov'd be found,
But very thankful be.

7 Is *Jeſus* here, our Head, our Lord,
Who doth his Church eſteem?
Then let his Church with one Accord
Fall down and worſhip him.

8 With all the gazing Angels Throng,
Brethren and Siſters join;
And tune our Harps to *Moſes*'s Song,
With Fires and Airs divine.

HYMN

HYMN VII.

Whither thou goeſt, I will go, and where thou lodgeſt, I will lodge: thy People ſhall be my People, and thy God my God: where thou dieſt, will I die, and there will I be buried.

1 HAIL Congregation bought ſo dear,
Whom Angels bluſhing view:
Ye People, call'd by *Jeſus* fair,
Who comes and dwells in you.

2 The *Lord* (in mine own Land I heard)
His Glory 'midſt you ſhews,
Hath Honours great on you conferr'd,
In Sight of all your Foes.

3 The People of my native Place,
The World where I was born,
I own no more; I'm ſav'd by Grace,
Nor will I back return.

4 Bride of the *Lamb*, his choſen Wife,
I cloſely to thee cleave:
Among thy Sons I'll end my Life,
Nor will thy Houſhold leave.

5 Cloſely

5 Cloſely I follow *God* with thee,
I'll go thy ſafeſt Road;
Thy People ſhall my People be,
And thine ſhall be my God.

6 Among thy Children will I live,
Among thy Children die;
One Burying-place ſhall both receive,
Beſide their Graves I'll lie.

7 This Favour will my *Lord* beſtow,
This Honour grant, and more;
I ſhall with them awake and view
Our *God* on yonders Shore.

HYMN VIII.

Now will I ſing to my Beloved a Song of my Beloved.

1 DO Men deſire a Song of me;
Let me my Subject chuſe;
Let my *Belov'd* my Subject be,
And then I can't refuſe.

2 The faireſt of ten Thouſand, I
Will make my pleaſing Theme:
His Love I ſing, his Conſtancy,
His Beauty and his Name.

3 So comely was he that he ſtole,
With one ſweet Look, my Heart;
Led Captive my enamour'd Soul,
And fill'd with Love and Smart.

4 Long was I ſick to be aſſur'd
He lov'd and valu'd me:
He knew it, and my Eaſe procur'd,
And mov'd my Miſery.

5 He bare my Grief, and let me lay
My Head upon his Breaſt:
Then ſoftly wip'd my Tears away,
My Fears, my Trembling ceas'd.

6 One half of his amazing Love,
I cannot ever tell:
What ſtill I ev'ry Moment prove,
Is ſure unſpeakable.

7 So very beautiful beſide,
So more than fair and bright;
That if he looks upon his Bride,
I'm raviſh'd at the Sight.

8 Yea he is altogether good,
Should any aſk his Name;
He's call'd, *the Naz'reen roll'd in Blood*;
But his right Name's *the Lamb*.

HYMN IX.

Zion *said, the Lord hath forsaken me, and my Lord hath forgotten me.*

1 THUS mourns my Soul (and her Complaint
She makes in Secret, tir'd and faint)
God hath forsaken me:
The Lord, my Lord hath sure forgot,
Whom he so dear by Blood hath bought,
Nor will my Mis'ry see.

2 My Soul, can tender Mothers e'er
Forget the Children which they bear?
Yes, saith the Lord, *they can:*
But thee I never can forget,
Thy Name is on my Hands and Feet,
'Twas grav'n there with Pain.

3 *A Woman's Travail soon is o'er,*
She may forget what Pangs she bore,
Nor mind her Infant dear:
But I regard my Years of Pain,
My Vow, nor did I say in vain,
I will thy Burthen bear.

4 *The Oath that I to* Noah *swore,*
The Waters shall return no more,
The Earth again to drown,

Is like the Oath I ſware to Thee,
I never more will angry be,
Nor ever Thee diſown.

5 *Behold the Mountains, they ſhall move;*
But lo! the Cov'nant of my Love,
Shall never be remov'd:
The Hills and Rocks ſhall all depart,
But thou art borne upon my Heart,
And there art nam'd Belov'd.

6 *Could'ſt thou my Soul's Affections ſee,*
Or know what Love I bear to Thee,
From Everlaſting true;
Thou wou'd'ſt dry up thy Tears, nor mourn,
Thy Sighs thou wou'd'ſt to ſinging turn,
And tell of me below.

7 *Thou wou'd'ſt ſit down at my pierc'd Feet,*
And there (till I ſhould call thee) wait,
Not tir'd with Scruples more;
Thou wou'd'ſt my Croſs before thee place,
And on my Griefs and Suff'rings gaze,
And to the End endure.

8 Enough my *Lord*, for now I ſee,
It is my own Infirmity,
My Weakneſs made me fear:
I am the Lord's, his Oath hath prov'd,
His Spirit alſo, I am lov'd,
And God hath heard my Pray'r.

HYMN

HYMN X.

Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wiſe caſt out.

1 CAN *Jeſus* one ſo bad as me eſteem?
Think ye my Friends he e'er did ſuch re-
Ye ſay he did, but O could I it prove, [deem?
I ſure muſt own he's nothing elſe but Love.

2 *Eſau* and *Pharaoh's* Sins, tho' deep of Dye,
Did they with me, or my Tranſgreſſions vie:
(Weigh but my Light) and all wou'd ſoon confeſs
My Failings are the greater, theirs the leſs.

3 Yet many all around this Witneſs bear
He is the Saviour, one that heareth Pray'r,
Nor will in any wiſe the Worſt refuſe,
Who come to Jeſus! O 'tis glorious News.

4 Vile as I am I cannot but believe,
While all the Prophets to him Witneſs give,
Thro' this Man's Name, whoe'er believes ſhall know,
His Sins (tho' Scarlet) waſh'd and made like Snow.

5 My Soul look up, believe the wounded *Lamb*,
To ranſom Sinners from the Father came;
To die for ſuch as thee, for thee he dy'd,
And for thy Pardon he was crucify'd.

6 Believe and ſpread his Fame, his Praiſe abroad,
Tell of thy Saviour, ſing thy bleeding GOD;
Tell all his matchleſs Love, let Sinners know,
Who feel their Sin like thee, his Goodneſs too.

HYMN XI.

They ſhall look upon me, whom they have pierced.

1 O Deareſt *Saviour* whoſe I am,
And whom I ſerve alone;
At thy pierc'd Feet (I bluſh for Shame)
And fit me happy down.

2 Naked I ſee myſelf, and mind
How I have us'd Thee ill:
A Sinner truly poor and blind,
Yet lo! Thou lov'ſt me ſtill.

3 I raiſe my Eyes and ſee what Smart,
What Grief I put Thee to;
And yet ('tis ſtrange) it heals my Heart,
While I thy Anguiſh view.

4 I know my Sins prepar'd the Wood,
The Nails, and Whips, and Spear;
Which tare and flew my *Lord* my *God*,
And drew forth ev'ry Tear.

5 I know that ev'ry Stripe he had,
And ev'ry Pang he bore,

And

And ev'ry Grief till he was dead,
Was my Deſert and more.

6 This makes me at his Croſs deſign
To ſit and ſee and prize,
That loving *Lamb*, that GOD of mine,
That wond'rous Sacrifice.

HYMN XII.

Stand faſt therefore in the Liberty where-with Chriſt *hath made us free, and be not entangled again with the Yoke of Bondage.*

1 STAND faſt in Liberty,
O Virgin-Spouſe of GOD,
Thy Bridegroom JESUS made thee free
By ſhedding-forth his Blood.

2 As holy *Sarah* was,
So *Jeſus* thee will make,
A bleſs'd *free Woman* thro' the Croſs,
And for his Honour's ſake.

3 Thy Children ſhall be call'd
The Heirs of Promiſe too,
(As *Iſaac* was) to Glory ſeal'd,
To walk redeem'd below.

4 They ſhall be *free indeed*
From Condemnation's Pow'r,

Whom the *Meſſiah*'s Blood hath freed,
To be accurs'd no more.

5 If *Satan* tempts, they ſay,
I am the Lord's, and he
Hath paid my Price, hath waſh'd away
All my Iniquity.

6 Or if there riſe within
A Thought to grieve their Mind,
They look to him who bare their Sin,
And Vict'ry quickly find.

7 Nor do they ſerve thro' Fear,
Nor yet thro' Bondage driv'n,
Do they ſo walk, ſo ſtrict appear,
Nor yet to merit Heav'n.

8 They know the *Lamb* was ſlain,
Who did them all redeem,
Did Heav'n and Peace for them obtain,
And ſo they ſerve to him.

9 Thus have they Liberty
To be his Sons and Heirs;
And *Father*, *Abba*, *Father*, cry,
While he attends their Pray'rs.

10 They need not be afraid
Of Curſes, Death, or Hell;
Their Souls are bought, their Debts are paid,
And they in Peace may dwell.

11 Thrice happy Church are ye,
Who have your Rights receiv'd.

Who prove the Reſt, the Liberty,
Who have in *Chriſt* believ'd.

12 Stand faſt in *Jeſu*'s Blood,
Nor yet a Moment lean
To thoſe who wou'd your Steps delude,
Or make you doubt again.

13 Hold firm your Confidence,
This Principle maintain,
Jeſus is mine Inheritance,
Jeſus for me was ſlain.

HYMN XIII.

In the Year of this Jubilee, ye ſhall return every Man to his own Poſſeſſion.

1 LORD haſten home thy dear Elect,
Thy Church of Firſt-born Children here;
All make their Cry to this Effect,
Come quickly JESUS, *Lord appear.*
Thyſelf to them as Earneſt thou haſt giv'n,
So long they to poſſeſs the Fulneſs Heav'n.

2 Thy Virgin-Spouſe, thy holy Bride,
Whom thou ſo very dear haſt bought,
For whom the Soldier pierc'd thy Side,
Whom thou behold'ſt without a Spot:
Ev'n ſhe deſires the *Saviour* to make haſte,
Then if Thou lov'ſt her, grant her this Requeſt.

3 For *Sion*'s ſake I cannot ceaſe,
Becauſe I love *Jeruſalem*,
I cannot Maſter hold my Peace,
I ſtill beſeech thy gracious Name:
Reſtore thy People all that Thou haſt made,
Reſtore them (tho' they grieve Thee) to their Head.

4 Let ev'ry captive Exile turn,
And ev'ry Priſon bid by Thee
Give up their Prey, who ſigh and mourn
For one Eternal Jubilee:
And tho' ſo many have their Bliſs forgone,
Reſtore them *Lord*, reſtore them to thy Throne.

5 Tho' ſome have their Poſſeſſion ſold,
And ſquander'd all thy Grace away;
Yet go and bring them to thy Fold,
Invite them to thy *Sabbath-Day*:
Reſtore to all their former Rights, and be
A tender *Father* to thy Family.

6 Relieve the Debtors bound in Chains,
In Bondage kept ſo many Years:
The Souls who have rebelled cleanſe,
O eaſe their Smart and dry their Tears: [Coſt,
Thou haſt defray'd their Charge, their Debt and
O bring them back, reſtore them what is loſt.

7 Let there be no more Pain and Curſe,
Pronounce thy People ſav'd O GOD;
Baniſh all Sorrow and Remorſe,
Exert the Pow'r of JESU's Blood:
And to that Fountain O let Millions flee,
And there the Reconciliation ſee.

8 Be

8 Be it proclaim'd thro' Earth and Skies,
The Day of my Redeem'd is now!
Let ev'ry Land with ſweet Surprize,
Hear the Almighty Angel blow:
The Reſtitution-Day is come! is come!
Let all the Ranſom'd come with Shoutings home.

HYMN XIV.

For the Hurt of the Daughter of my People am I hurt, I am black.

1 *THE Lamb is ſlain*, how ſweet's the Sound?
What Fountains are in ev'ry Wound?
Thoſe Streams that thence ſo freely flow,
Will waſh the Sinner white as Snow:
What ſtrange Diſeaſes will they cure?
What Med'cine are they for the Poor?

2 What makes theſe Springs ſo choice and good,
Is very rarely underſtood;
Some taught of GOD, and very few
The ſecret Cauſe, and Reaſon know;
Namely, becauſe the *Lamb is GOD*,
From whence divinely runs the Flood.

3 Had he not dy'd, we all had been
Now loſt in Unbelief and Sin;
But while he dy'd upon the Tree,
He bare content our Miſery,
Our Chaſtiſement, our Guilt, and Blame
Was laid upon the ſpotleſs *Lamb*.

4 His Robes he ſtain'd with ſcarlet Hue,
With num'rous Sins, tho' none he knew,
And meekly ſtood, while on his Head
Our Sins were charg'd, our Follies laid;
And dy'd a Sacrifice to move
Our Guilt to whom he bare ſuch Love.

5 Thus *black with all his People's Hurt*
He weeping ſtood in *Herod*'s Court;
A purple Robe he wore to ſhew,
Our Sins we hence on him might view;
Then laid the Robe aſide, a Sign
Our Crimes were laid in Blood divine.

6 Him then the Spirit juſtify'd
From all that had his Garments dy'd;
Himſelf he ſanctify'd, that he
Might ſanctify his Family:
Our Sins made his, he buried were
Went in the Thorns, the Nails, the Spear,

7 Forever Sin, and Death are ſlain
(Thro' the Redeemer's Sweat and Pain)
Offences and Tranſgreſſions fall,
The Saviour triumphs over all!
Brings Righteouſneſs ev'rlaſting in,
And makes by Death an End of Sin.

8 Lift up your Heads eternal Gates,
Riſe ev'ry Heart, the *Bridegroom* waits,
Let in the King of Glory he,
Who ſhines in yonder Majeſty;
Open my Heart, and let him there
Abide and make a Houſe of Pray'r.

HYMN

HYMN XV.

God commendeth his Love to us, in that while we were yet Sinners, Chriſt *died for us.*

1 YE Children of my GOD,
Ye dear peculiar Race,
Who waſh'd in JESU's Blood,
And ſav'd thro' Faith by Grace:
Attend and join to tell his Fame,
Whom *John the Baptiſt* call'd the *Lamb.*

2 From all Eternity
He lov'd the Sinner's Train,
His Love him forc'd to die,
Compell'd him to be ſlain
For us, and in our Stead he ſtood
With all his Garments roll'd in Blood.

3 His Heart he ſet on us
When we were Enemies;
And on th' accurſed Croſs,
Amidſt his Tears and Cries,
He pray'd for us, who us'd him ſo,
Father, they know not what they do.

4 He thought upon us when
The Blood ran from his Heart,
In all his Griefs and Pain,
In all his chiefeſt Smart:

Tho'

Tho' we it caus'd, he all forgave,
And bare it that he us might save.

5 Still he remains the same,
His Foes he loves, and cries,
Believe ye in my Name,
Lift up (ye Lost) your Eyes:
Behold me and you yet shall live,
I freely will Salvation give.

HYMN XVI.

He led Captivity captive.

1 THANKS to the *Lamb* I once was dead,
But now alive to GOD am made;
Thanks to each bloody Wound of his
The Fountains whence flow all my Bliss;
Thanks to the *Lamb* who felt such Smart,
When many Sorrows tore his Heart.

2 Four thousand Years he meekly view'd
The human Race in all their Blood;
The Sight drew Pity from his Breast,
While they were thus he could not rest;
Since the first Day the Earth was fram'd,
Himself he their *Redeemer* nam'd.

3 Thus slain was he for his Elect,
From the Beginning in Effect,
And when the latter Days appear'd,
In which the Prophets had declar'd

A King

A King ſhall reign, a Son be giv'n,
A Saviour, then he came from Heav'n.

4 Then (as it him behov'd) put on
A Servant's Form and wore it down,
Becauſe the Seed were Fleſh and Blood,
Of ſuch was made the *Son of GOD*;
Thus to himſelf he reconcil'd
The World, and ranſom'd ev'ry Child.

5 He dy'd, and down his Spirit went,
(One End for which he here was ſent)
And Death and him that had its Pow'r,
He ſpoil'd and down their Ramparts tore!
Then roſe, and glorious thro' the Sky,
Captive he led Captivity!

6 Satan, who ſince the Fall had reign'd
(O'er all, ev'n thoſe who had not ſinn'd
As *Adam* once, nor fell from *God*
After the ſame Similitude,
But born in Sin as *David* was)
The Saviour vanquiſh'd on the Croſs.

7 So Sin and Death ſince *Moſes'* Days,
By the Commandment found out Ways
To ſting the Sinner, and exert
The Curſe's Pow'r in ev'ry Heart;
Theſe JESUS alſo made his Prey,
Then took the Sting of Death away.

8 The Saints from righteous *Abel* view'd
Our *Saviour* ſweating Drops of Blood,

And

And how with Pow'rs, and Thrones he ſtrove,
Saw his prevail, and ſang above;
How in the Fleſh he made a Shew
Of Pow'rs of Darkneſs ſpoil'd below,

9 They ſaw the *Serpent*'s Head receive
A Wound from which he can't revive,
And ſhouted thro' the midſt of Heav'n,
The Blow, the promis'd Blow is giv'n!
Maſter (the Lamb) of all Things now
He ſoar'd, and left the Shades below.

10 The Keys of Death, and Hell he bare
(A Sign of Vict'ry) thro' the Air;
Then thus proclaims, *I lock up Death,*
It ſhall not hurt who have the Faith,
The Pow'rs of Darkneſs I confine,
They ſhall not hurt a Child of mine.

11 Hail (ſing the Seraphs Company!)
Hail *mighty Lamb* who deign'd to die!
The bluſhing Thrones and Cherubs too,
Unworthy his dear Wounds to view;
Behind their Wings their Faces hide
And ſing his War, and how he dy'd.

12 The living Creatures full of Eyes,
The *Saviour* hail to Paradiſe,
And all the *Elders* ſacred Throng
Fall down and make his Death their Song,
While full twelve Times twelve thouſand tune!
Their Virgin Lips to praiſe the SON.

13 O when I think or hear of this,
How thirſt I to partake their Bliſs,
To ſtand among th' admiring Crowd,
And ſee the Nail-prints and the Blood!
While all adore the matchleſs He,
I'd ſing, *This Lamb was ſlain for me.*

HYMN XVII.

He was deſpiſed and rejected of Men, a Man of Sorrows, and acquainted with Grief.

1 I Sing of one who martyr'd was
Under *Tiberius Cæſar*'s Reign:
Whom *Pilate* ſentenc'd to the Croſs,
Whom *Jews* by wicked Hands have ſlain.

2 I ſing how much his Soul endur'd,
When bound, how firm and meek he ſtood;
When ev'ry Chain, and ev'ry Cord,
Wrung his dear Hands, and fetch'd the Blood.

3 *Herod* and *Pontius Pilate* too,
By *Iſrael*'s cruel Children fir'd,
Unite to load the *Lamb* with Woe,
And bruiſe him as they them deſir'd.

4 The Heathen and the *Hebrews* join,
The honourable Men and mean;
Princes and Kings, and Prieſt combine
To put his righteous Soul to Pain.

5 *Annas*

5 *Annas* conſults with *Caiphas*,
(His Repreſentatives below)
To ſlay him, who the *High-Prieſt* was,
And make him miſerable too.

6 His fav'rite People (tho' his own,
When unto them he came) profeſs'd,
They never knew God had a Son,
And ſo deſpis'd him like the reſt.

7 To theſe the Traitor *Judas* came,
And to their Hands his Lord betray'd:
Preſented to their Rage the *Lamb*,
And heap'd more Sorrows on his Head.

8 Then to the Smiters turn'd he meek,
Who ſmote his Cheeks and tore his Hair.
The Plowers alſo plow'd his Back,
Their Scourges made long Furrows there.

9 Naked they made the *Saviour* ſtand,
Yet cover'd with Diſgrace and Blood;
Then for a Sceptre in his Hand,
They forc'd a Reed, and mocking ſtood.

10 Conſtant he bore the Shame unmov'd
At all the Inj'ry to him done;
For yet ev'n thoſe that mock'd he lov'd,
And took their Blows, and rail'd at none.

11 A Crown of Thorns (the dire Effect
Of Sin and Death) he patient wore;
A Robe they gave him, this he deck'd
With Drops of Tears, and ſacred Gore.

12 This

12 This done, they then (from Court to Court,
Juſt like a Sheep when ſhorn is dumb)
The Maſter hale; the meaner Sort
Him aſk, *When will thy Kingdom come?*

13 Thus round *Jeruſalem*'s City led,
Oppreſs'd with Wrath Divine, his Soul,
They bring him (bow'd his ſacred Head)
Forth to the Mountain of a Scull.

14 Here as he travell'd, ſore and tir'd,
Bearing the Croſs, the heavy Tree,
He fainted, and well nigh expir'd,
Between two Thieves his Company.

15 But rais'd ſtill greater Griefs to know,
His Body to the Croſs they bound;
His Hands and Feet the Nails bor'd through,
While Men derided all around.

16 Three tedious Hours he (lifted up
A Victim on th' accurſed Wood)
Drank the deep Dregs of that dire Cup
Of Gall and Wormwood mix'd by *God*.

17 Men ſaw, but hid away their Face;
His Friends far off ſtood looking on;
None help'd, nor could, for all their Race
Had ſinn'd, and all their Pow'r was gone.

18 At laſt, *'Tis finiſh'd*, loud he cry'd,
And ſtrait departed back to Heav'n;
Confirm'd the Things for which he dy'd,
Confirm'd our Peace, our Sin forgiv'n.

19 He

19 He dy'd, and countleſs Armies view'd
Their Maſter breathe his lateſt Breath,
And ſhouted while he (roll'd in Blood,)
O'ercame the Pow'rs of Hell and Death!

20 He dy'd, but lives for evermore!
Lives in his Saints, and on the Throne:
This is the LAMB whom I adore;
This is the *Man*, I ſing alone.

21 Let my right Hand her Art forget,
Ere I another praiſe beſide;
Or ceaſe to ſing his Bloody Sweat,
His Griefs and Pain, and how he dy'd.

22 Live JESUS! ever live and reign,
Exalted far o'er ev'ry Name!
Live, O deſpiſed *Nazarene!*
Exalted GOD, and Bleeding LAMB!

HYMN XVIII.

Is any ſick among you? let him ſend for the Elders of the Church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with Oil in the Name of the Lord, &c.

1 THUS the *Chief Shepherd* ſaid
(Our only Lord and Head)
All his Lab'rers ſtood around,
Go to ev'ry Land, and ſound
This my Goſpel; preach, proclaim,
JESUS is the Saviour's Name!

2 *All Nations go baptize,*
With Pow'r evangelize,
Heal the Sick, the Blind reſtore,
Preach glad Tidings to the Poor,
Go, and I, the Sinner's Friend,
Will be with you to the End.

3 He ſaid, and all went forth,
To teach the SAVIOUR's Worth,
All anointing (where they came)
Who were ſick, in JESU's Name:
Oil (commanded by the LORD)
On them they obedient pour'd.

4 The Unction JESUS bleſt,
The Sick it's Pow'r confeſt,
The Anointing from on High
Made the pale Diſeaſes fly;
While was own'd by ev'ry Mouth,
God is with them of a Truth.

5 This Sign they then retain'd,
It in the Church remain'd;
Thus the Brother of our LORD
Wrote, and left it on Record.
Well his Maſter's Mind he knew,
So he told the Church below.

6 *Is any Sick, in Pain?*
The Elders ſend for them;
Let them o'er him pray, and ſhed
Hallow'd Oil upon his Head;
So the Sick ſhall be reſtor'd,
Thro' the Unction from the Lord.

7 *The Pray'r of Faith shall save*
The sick Man from the Grave;
Hath he sinn'd, in Bondage driv'n?
All his Sins shall be forgiv'n,
This believing very true,
At our Saviour's Word we do.

8 The Wise may ask us why
So simply we comply?
Miracles are ceas'd they say,
Then what good can Oil convey;
Others have the Unction us'd,
Yet no Virtue found transfus'd.

9 We eye the *Son of GOD*,
Have Faith in his rich Blood;
So we simply follow on,
Where we see our *Lord* have gone;
Neither do we ask for why?
Jesus saith, and we comply.

10 Then Lamb of GOD we pray
Be with thy Church To-day;
Bless what we obedient do,
Grace, abundant Grace bestow:
Present be amidst us here,
Witness to our Labours bear.

HYMN XIX.

If I then your Lord and Master have washed your Feet, ye ought also to wash one another's Feet.

1 E'ER our *Saviour* bade his Friends adieu,
E'er his weeping Flock he left below,
All his *Elders* call he near,
His *Apostles* lov'd so dear,
Said, *Behold me,*
See, *and after* } *my Example do.*

2 In a Bason then he Water pour'd,
Took a Towel, then kneel'd down the *Lord*;
And to wash their Feet began,
Afterwards he wip'd them clean;
Thus their Conscience
Then he wash'd by } Water and the Word.

3 *Peter* seeing how the rest were us'd,
Answer'd *Jesus, Let me be excus'd,*
Thou shalt never wash my Feet,
'Tis an Honour, Lord, too great:
Thus he seeming
To be humble } wou'd have fain refus'd.

4 Meekly *Jesus* chided *Peter* then,
Said, *Thou can'st not otherwise be clean;*

I muſt waſh thee.—Peter *ſaid,*
Lord, then waſh my Hands and Head:
Thy Feet only
Waſh'd (ſaid *Jeſus*) } *cleanſeth the whole Man.*

5 Having ended this myſterious Sign,
Jeſus anſwer'd, *See this Deed of mine,*
What I do ye know not now,
But hereafter ye ſhall know;
'Tis a Mercy
I have given } *ſecret and divine.*

6 *'Tis a Witneſs of my Love I do*
This Example lo, I leave to you:
In your Maſter's Footſteps tread,
Imitate your loving Head:
This in doing
To each other } *you your Love ſhould ſhew.*

7 Deareſt Mother, Church, and Bride of God,
Whom our *Saviour* bought with his own Blood,
May thy elder Sons ſubmit,
Still to waſh each other's Feet:
Till the Myſt'ry
Yonder fully } ſhall be underſtood.

8 *Heav'nly Father,* ſee thy Children here,
Met together in a filial Fear;
Jeſus, lo we imitate,
Lo! we waſh each other's Feet:
In thy Spirit's
Pureſt Water } waſh us, make us fair,

HYMN

HYMN XX.

I thirſt, I thirſt.

1 DEAR wounded *Lamb*, I thirſt to taſte that Flood
Thy Side affords of Water and of Blood.

2 I never can ceaſe crying till I ſee
Thou haſt both liv'd, and dy'd for ſinful me.

3 I have delight (in vain) and Solace ſought
In many Things ſave Thee, but found it not.

4 Scarce I heard of Thee, but I ſtraitway knew
Thou wert the only Thing I wanted ſo.

5 Some of thy dear Diſciples ſpread thy Fame,
I heard it, and cry'd out, *I want the Lamb.*

6 Others may feed on huſky Things like *Swine*,
But I ſhall hunger till the *Lord* is mine.

7 I want him to remit my Sin, and ſhew
He has my ſpotted Soul made white as Snow.

8 I want him for my Robe, my Spirit's Dreſs,
O *JESUS*, *Maſter*, be my Righteouſneſs.

9 Deſcend (and if thou can'ſt) make thine Abode
With my poor Heart, and there reveal thy Blood.

10 I cannot, O dear *Saviour*, with Thee part,
I pray Thee me engrave upon thy Heart.

11 *Lord*, I beſeech Thee ſhew thy Glory now,
Paſs by, or elſe I will not let Thee go.

HYMN XXI.

Ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a Price.

1 BE Witneſs Heav'n and Earth To-day
We give ourſelves to Him,
Who dy'd to take our Sin away,
And us from hence redeem.

2 We make a Preſent of our Lives,
Our Goods, and Friends, and Blood,
To *Jeſus Chriſt*, who each receives
Who come thro' him to GOD.

3 No more are we our own, no more
To this World we belong;
We are the *Lord*'s, Him we adore,
The GOD of all our Throng.

HYMN XXII.

Aſk, and it ſhall be given.

1 WE come and ſit before the *Lord*,
And worſhip at his Feet: There,

Thereon our Tears and Pray'rs are pour'd,
Which once with Blood were wet.

2 We own, dear *Saviour*, ev'ry one
Unworthy is to ſpeak;
Or dare to figh before thy Throne,
Or there Petitions make.

3 Yet ſeeing thou doſt Sinners love,
And wilt attend their Cry:
We venture, LORD, our Suit we move,
We venture humbly nigh.

4 We kiſs Thee, *Son of GOD*, and ſee
Thy Wounds, and thankful pray;
And there as on an Altar we
Our worthleſs Off'rings lay.

5 We aſk (O do not us deny)
A Lamb-like Spirit grant;
A ſweet unfeign'd Simplicity,
A Servant's Mind we want.

6 O bleſs thy lov'd Society
With Bleſſings, Lord, like theſe,
And Thou, dear Maſter, till we die,
Alone ſhalt have the Praiſe.

HYMN XXIII.

I will love them freely.

1 O Free Salvation! glad art thou
Receiv'd by ſome, yet very few:

Men hardly all thy Fame believe,
Nor Credence to thy Children give;
Like *Adam* all themſelves wou'd dreſs,
And hide with Leaves their Nakedneſs.

2 One ſays the News of Thee is good,
Extols in Words the *Saviour's* Blood,
But will himſelf by Works prepare
The bleſſed Benefit to ſhare:
I muſt ſhake off my Sin, he ſaith,
E'er I am bleſt by JESU's Death.

3 Another cries out, I muſt mourn,
Muſt weep e'er I again am born;
Muſt do my Duty, then believe
God will thro' JESUS me receive:
Few, very few believe the *Lamb,*
Can freely love vile Souls like them.

HYMN XXIV.

He was ſlain.

1 HEnce nothing will we know beſide,
No other Myſt'ry learn;
But that *a Lamb for Sinners dy'd,*
This be our ſole Concern.

2 This we profeſs and this maintain,
None can Salvation know,
But in believing he was ſlain;
This we are Witneſs to.

3 For this let all our Enemies
Contrive to do us Hurt;
This hold we faſt, tho' Hell ſhou'd riſe,
Againſt the glad Report.

4 Of this, O Sinners Company,
We humbly make our Boaſt:
This tell to Men far off, and nigh,
Our Saviour ſaves the Loſt.

5 He only did the World redeem,
He only ſav'd Mankind:
And lo! whoever looks to Him,
Shall the Redemption find.

6 Not by our Works of Righteouſneſs,
But by his precious Blood
He ſav'd us, ſeal'd us, gave us Peace,
And made us one with God.

HYMN XXV.

Theſe follow the LAMB.

1 BEhold! before the LORD we ſit,
The Stone and Timber's Beam
Shall bear us Witneſs we commit,
And give ourſelves to him.

2 We are the *Lord*'s, are wholly his,
Determin'd to purſue

His

His Footsteps 'till we see his Bliss,
And leave the World below.

3 We lift ourselves to him and call
His Pilgrims, hence our Name;
To him give up our Lives, our All,
And take his Cross and Shame.

4 Welcome Reproach, true Riches thou,
When for the *Saviour* borne;
Welcome bad Names, and heaviest Woe,
The Loss of Friends, and Scorn.

5 With bitter Herbs, the *Lamb* receiv'd,
This well the Father knew:
Thus we accept him, he who liv'd
A bitter Life below.

6 Thro' evil, and thro' good Report,
Naked, oppress'd, revil'd;
We follow *Jesus* to his Court,
And track his ev'ry Child.

HYMN XXVI.

Lord, remember me.

1 I Hope our *Saviour* don't forget
His Child is left behind;
He sure observes me at his Feet,
And bears me on his Mind.

2 Doſt thou not, deareſt *Lamb of GOD*?
Methinks thou anſwer'ſt ſweet,
Thy Name is on my Hands with Blood,
And grav'n on my Feet.

3 Thou, *Saviour*, wilt remember me,
Thou wilt, thou ſurely wilt;
For thou, my *Lord*, on yonder's Tree
Didſt bear my Sin and Guilt.

4 The Pain which thou haſt there endur'd
Will put Thee ſtill in Mind,
That I, for whom thou ſuffer'dſt, *Lord*,
Am left to roam behind.

HYMN XXVII.

I am a Stranger, and a Sojourner, as all my Fathers were.

1 BEcauſe I am a Stranger here,
And talk of *Jeſu*'s Blood,
I'm ſcorn'd, as all my Fathers were,
And rarely underſtood.

2 Around my weary Eyes I caſt,
Survey the World below:
You are not (glad I ſay) my Reſt,
I don't belong to you.

3 See, O my Soul, thy Country ſee
Is fix'd above the Skies:

There

There *Jeſus* waits to welcome thee
To ſhare his Paradiſe,

4 Regard not then thy Treatment now,
But wait a few Days more:
And dreſt in Garments white as Snow,
Thou ſhalt attain thy Shore.

5 Friends haſt thou wanted here? thy Loſs
Shall there be well made up;
With all the Saints who once were thus,
Thou ſhalt ſit down and ſup.

6 Gird up thy Loins, and forward move,
A Pilgrim tho' thou art;
Jeſus has ſet on thee his Love,
And ſeals thee to his Heart.

HYMN XXVIII.

And they crucified Him.

1 LET others ſeek them Pleaſures new,
Themſelves with Songs divert;
One Thing I only pant to know,
The Blood of JESU's Heart.
Determin'd am I (who will blame)
While I on Earth abide,
To make my Song my conſtant Theme,
"My Love is crucify'd!"

2 Under the Croſs I make my Place,
And well regard his Pain;

Search

Search into the amazing Grace,
The Cauſe why He was ſlain.
The wond'rous Thing has charm'd me ſo
That ev'ry Thing beſide
I trample on, this only know,
"My Love is crucify'd!"

3 What Pleaſures can a Soul eſteem,
Who has of JESUS heard,
Unleſs it be to walk with him,
And think on his Reward?
I have no ſolid Pleaſures ſeen,
No Bliſs, till I decry'd
The *Lamb*, ſince which my Song hath been,
"My Love is crucify'd!"

4 No Comfort can I take below,
Tho' ev'ry Thing goes well,
Unleſs his Merits on me flow,
Unleſs his Blood I feel;
When this I prove, I ſee by Faith,
His bloody Hands ſpread wide;
And ſing as I behold his Death,
"My Love is crucify'd!"

HYMN XXIX.

The Goſpel muſt be publiſhed.

1 LET all our *Saviour*'s Friends agree
To ſpread his righteous Fame abroad,

To

To ſay how on the bloody Tree
He reconcil'd the World to *God*;
The *Lamb* our perfect Sacrifice,
Adore and praiſe thro' Earth and Skies!

2 Be Songs immortal made to him
Who late in our Behalf engag'd,
Who, that he might us Men redeem,
War with the World and *Satan* wag'd,
And fought, and has the Battle won;
Salvation to his Name alone!

HYMN XXX.

Thou haſt redeemed us to God by thy Blood.

1 BLOOD of the very bleſſed *Lamb*,
What Wonders haſt thou wrought!
Redeem'd poor Sinners from their Shame,
And many Thouſands bought.
Well may the Souls in Peace arriv'd
On *Canaan*'s happy Shore,
Who when below this Blood believ'd,
The Fountain now adore!

2 By Blood converted, they confeſs
The Myſt'ry round the Throne,
And ſing, *Our Saviour made our Peace*
By Blood, and that his own:

Nor

Nor mention ought the thankful Train,
But how his precious Blood,
When he for ſinful Man was ſlain,
Hath brought them nigh to *God*.

3 *He waſh'd away our Sins*, they cry,
By his own Blood, and we
Are juſt, and ſanctify'd thereby,
And get the victory.
By ſhedding of his Blood we gain
Remiſſion of our Sin;
And Peace with God and Heav'n obtain,
And all that is therein.

4 Ten thouſand Bleſſings ſtill aſcend
Before his through-bor'd Feet,
And Thanks be giv'n, the Sinner's Friend,
For all his Wounds and Sweat.
Let ev'ry Tongue confeſs to Thee,
And ev'ry Knee be bow'd,
Who bare our Sorrows on the Tree,
And waſh'd us in his Blood.

HYMN XXXI.

As by one Man's Diſobedience, many were made Sinners, ſo by the Obedience of One, ſhall many be made righteous.

1 THOU firſt-begotten Son,
Sinleſs, and born alone

Without

Without th' Impurity
We have in us each one
When firſt the World we ſee;
Sinners from the Womb,
We thro' One become
Sinners to the Tomb.

2 Yet we believe in Thee,
Who on the bloody Tree
Was torn with Whips and Spear,
Nail'd naked up that we
Might by thy Death be clear,
Sav'd and juſtify'd,
Waſhed in thy Side,
Made thy Church and Bride.

3 Then theſe two Things confeſs
With Joy our dear-bought Race,
That we thro' one Man fell,
Thro' his Unrighteouſneſs,
We are poor Sinners ſtill;
Thro' the *Saviour* ſlain,
His good Works and Pain,
Righteous are our Train.

HYMN XXXII.

We muſt all appear before the Judgment-Seat of CHRIST.

1 AND will a Day of Clouds and Fire
Upon the Earth appear?

When

When all the Living and the Dead
Shall ſtand at JESU's Bar.

2 And ſhall mine Eyes behold a Day
When Angels Roſy Hands
Shall Heav'n unveil, and ſhew the *Lamb*
To all the diſtant Lands?

3 And muſt mine Ears for certain hear
A Summons from the Sky,
When the ſhrill Trumpet ſounding long
Proclaims the Judgment nigh?

4 Will ſuch an awful Time commence,
When all who God forgot,
Shall far from *Jeſu's* Throne be driv'n
With thoſe who knew him not?

5 Then ſay, my *God*, how long, how long,
Ere thou in Sight appear?
Behold thy Scriptures anſwer me,
When Men are leaſt aware.

6 Ages and Days ſhall paſs away,
And Time no longer be;
Jeſus ſhall then on Clouds deſcend,
And all the *Lamb* ſhall ſee.

7 Darkneſs, and Blood, and Fire, and Smoke,
Shall in the Air be ſeen;
The Sun, the Moon, and Stars ſhall ceaſe
To light the World again.

8 The Sea by mighty Tempeſts ſtir'd,
With all her Waves ſhall roar,

Shall back return the Dead therein,
And put her Prey on Shore.

9 The trembling Mountains far ſhall move,
Men's Hearts for Fear ſhall fail;
And all the Kindreds of the Earth
In great Diſtreſs ſhall wail.

10 To hide them in the falling Rocks
Poor guilty Souls ſhall fly;
And loud to Hills for Refuge too
In vain ſhall Sinners cry.

11 O *Lamb* of *God*, thou King of Saints,
Thou righteous Judge, to Thee
I fly for Refuge; in thy Wounds
Hide thou ungodly me.

12 There be my ſafe Aſylum; there
Let me my Int'reſt know,
Ere thou in flaming Fire appear'ſt,
To judge the Word below.

13 Then let the laſt loud Blaſt be blown!
Then call, *Ariſe ye Dead!*
Then ſhall my very happy Soul
With Joy lift up her Head.

14 And as I riſe, my Ears ſhall hear
The Shouts by Angels giv'n!
Then I on the eternal Mount
Shall meet the Prince of Heav'n.

15 Before his Feet, his bleeding Feet,
I then will glad adore;

And,

And ſing thy Grace, and thank thy Name,
My God, for evermore.

HYMN XXXIII.

Why hideſt thou away thy Face?

1. WHY, dear *Saviour*, doſt thou hide away?
Why ſo long, *Lord*, muſt I mourn thy Stay?
See like wither'd Graſs I mourn,
So ſhall till thou doſt return,
Come, and tarry till the perfect Day.

2. Nought believing, or with ſweet Delight,
Can I do when thou art out of Sight:
O return, come back again,
Eaſe me of my tort'ring Pain,
While thou tarrieſt, evil Pow'rs me fright.

3. As I ſighing ſit, and thus bewail
Jeſu's Abſence, O my Spirits fail,
Weak I grow, as *Samſon* ſhorn,
Nothing do I only mourn,
While Hell's Legions ſtrongly me aſſail.

4. How it cuts me deeply to the Heart!
How it wounds me, and prolongs my Smart!
When I call to Mind the Days
Wherein firſt I knew thy Ways:
O *Lord*, lead me ſtill, nor from me part.

HYMN XXXIV.

Let all the Angels of God worſhip Him.

1 WHEN thou, dear *Saviour*, didſt aſcend,
My Hoſts, thy *Father* ſaid, *attend*,
And worſhip ye my Son:
With loud Acclaims of Joy they view'd,
Ador'd, and round Thee ſhouting rode,
To thy exalted Throne.

2 Shall we thy Triumphs e'er forget?
Shall we not worſhip at thy Feet,
And kiſs each bruiſed Part?
With Angels forc'd, we Sinners gaze,
And mingle weakly in thy Praiſe,
O LORD, with all our Heart.

3 We ſing Redemption, wond'rous Deed!
How Thou didſt in the War ſucceed,
When roaring Legions ſtrove;
And countleſs Fiends conſpir'd to rend
Thy holy People from thine Hand,
The People of thy Love.

4 Thy Company to Thee betroth'd,
With Thee her ſpotleſs Linen cloath'd,
Bows down and thankful ſings;
We join thy Bride, and bow and bleſs,
And *Jeſu*'s Vict'ry pleas'd confeſs,
Almighty *King of Kings*.

5 Dear

5 Dear *Saviour*, with a grateful Mind,
Whate'er of Thee we hear or find,
We own with joyful Tears;
And thank Thee, ſaying, *Live and reign*
Thou GOD, whom thine own Love hath ſlain,
Above the higheſt Spheres.

6 Well nigh two thouſand Years ago,
Oppreſs'd with all our Sins didſt Thou
Thy Throne, dear Saviour, leave;
Wag'd War with him more ſtrong than we,
And captive led Captivity,
And did thy People ſave.

HYMN XXXV.

We have Confidence in the Lord.

2 IN all my Trials ſtill I ſee
Our *Saviour* loves poor ſinful me,
This is my only Hope;
This bears me thro' a thouſand Snares,
And in ten thouſand Griefs and Fears
This lifts me ſweetly up.

2 O did my Faith a Moment fail,
How would the buſy Pow'rs of Hell
Againſt me dreadful riſe;
How wou'd they tread me under Foot,
And ſeek to ſpoil me Branch and Root,
And put out both my Eyes.

3 But Thanks to his eternal Name,
Who is my Lord, and God, and Lamb,
I hold my Target firm:
He is my Strength, and strong I stand,
While underneath he lays his Hand,
His everlasting Arm.

4 I will believe He justifies,
I know his Groans, and Tears, and Cries,
Were heard, and are for me;
Then who can hurt, or who condemn
A Soul so favour'd of the *Lamb*,
A Soul so safe and free!

HYMN XXXVI.

Now therefore write ye this Song for you, and teach it the Children of Israel, *put it in their Mouths, that this Song may be a Witness for me against the Children of* Israel; *when they turn unto other Gods, and serve them, and provoke me, and break my Covenant.*

1 THE Doctrine of our dying *Lord*,
The Faith he *Mount Calv'ry* seal'd,
We sign; and ev'ry stedfast Word
Within his Testament reveal'd,
We firm believe; and, curs'd are they
Who add thereto, or take away.

2 And now, before this awful Crowd
Of Brethren militant on Earth!

Before

Before the *first-born Church* with God I
We hearty own the *Second-Birth*:
We conſtantly conſent to this,
Who hath not Chriſt, is none of his.

3 Alſo to Blood, we this maintain,
That none are righteous, no not one,
But thoſe for whom the *Lamb* was ſlain,
Who're *juſtify'd by Faith alone*;
And, *whoſo in his Name believes,*
Himſelf, and all Chriſt *hath receives.*

4 Our Works and Merits we diſclaim,
We trample on our Righteouſneſs;
Our holieſt Actions we condemn
As Dung and Droſs; and this confeſs,
They are but Sand, who builds thereon,
Denies and ſlights the Corner-Stone.

5 No other Doctrine dare we hear,
But, CHRIST *alone our Saviour is*,
To all beſide we ſtop our Ear,
And ſhun as dang'rous Hereſies:
This Truth to Death we will proclaim,
There is no *Saviour* but the LAMB.

6 He is the only *Lord* and *God!*
The Fulneſs of the *Three* in *One*:
His Name, Death, Righteouſneſs, and Blood,
Shall be our Glory, this alone:
His *Godhead*, and his *Death* ſhall be
Our Song to all Eternity!

7 On Him we venture all we have,
Our Bodies, Souls, and Spirits too:

None will we ask beside to save,
Nought but the *Saviour* will we know;
This we subscribe with Heart and Hand,
Resolv'd thro' Grace, by this to stand.

8 This now, with Heav'n's resplendent Host,
We echo thro' the Churches Bounds;
And 'midst the Heathen make our Boast,
Of our *Redeemer's Blood*, and *Wounds*:
And loud, like many Waters join,
To shout the *Lamb*, the *Man divine!*

9 By this our *Mark* will we be known,
In *Heav'n*, and in the *Earth* Abroad,
That ev'ry Doctrine we disown,
And ev'ry *Faith*, and ev'ry *God*,
But *Christ Emanuel*, and that *Faith*
Which apprehends his *Blood* and *Death*.

HYMN XXXVII.

We walk by Faith, not by Sight.

1 TO all that trouble me, my Answer now
Shall be, *The* Lamb *has loved me I know;*
He has my Burthens borne, he sweat for me
When he was in his bitter Agony.

2 *How canst thou be assur'd*, if one demands,
Thy Name is written in our Saviour's Hands?
How dost thou know thy Int'rest in his Blood?
I'll say, *The Spirit me the Myst'ry shew'd.*

3 Nought

3 Nought elſe have I to prove my Witneſs true,
But barely to affirm the Thing is ſo;
For this great Truth, my Blood's laſt Drop I'll ſpend,
And hold this Anchor ſtedfaſt to the End.

4 I know my *Saviour*, I his Voice have heard,
I know his Blood, it has my Conſcience clear'd;
Mine Eyes have ſeen the great *Inviſible*,
Thro' whom I conquer all the Pow'rs of Hell.

5 My Hands have handled him the Word of Life,
I am his Bride, the LAMB's eternal Wife:
I know him well, and well I am aſſur'd
He is in me, and I am in my *Lord*.

6 This is beyond Men's Wiſdom to explain,
I'll anſwer, therefore, all enquiring Men;
Why *Chriſt* loves me, I can't a Reaſon give,
But this great Myſt'ry firmly I believe.

HYMN XXXVIII.

And the Apoſtles and Elders came together for to conſider of this Matter.

1 RISE up, ye Witneſſes of *Jeſus Chriſt*,
Riſe, and each other willingly aſſiſt,
To ſpread the *Saviour's* Fame and Praiſe around,
To make the Heathen hear the joyful Sound.

2 Let each to each reach out his Hand and Heart,
Be ſweetly One, determin'd not to part;

But

But as an Army rule the Church of *God*,
The Souls he purchas'd dearly with his Blood.

3 Let each consent to this great Truth and own,
The Lamb our chief Commander is alone,
He is the Captain-General of our Train,
The Shepherd who to save his Sheep was slain.

4 None be the Head but him, nor one assume
A Ruler's Place, or take the Bishop's Room;
But whom the *Lamb* appoints, and singles out
To wait upon the Church so dearly bought.

5 If Causes hard to try before us are,
We lay them at his Feet, with Tears and Pray'r;
He shall the doubtful Matter still decide,
And in his Fear shall ev'ry Cause be try'd.

6 To this we give Consent, this chearful sign,
Giv'n up, dear JESUS, wholly to be thine;
Conduct us, *Lord*, and shew us our Employ,
And learn us how to end our Course with Joy.

HYMN XXXIX.

In Journeying.

1 JESUS, Master, once a Pilgrim here,
See thy Servants, and our Way prepare;
Keep us near thy bleeding Side,
Nigh us also, *Lord*, abide;
Lest some Evil, or some Harm be near.

2 We

2 We are Strangers in this barren Land,
Take us kindly therefore by the Hand;
Nor forſake us till we ſee
Canaan, where we long to be,
And *Mount Sion*, where our Feet ſhall ſtand.

HYMN XL.

He ſung an Hymn.

1 COME, O my Soul, by *Cedron* come,
And at his Supper JESUS ſee,
Come view him in the Upper-Room,
With his peculiar Family:
After thy *Lord*'s Example do,
And ſing as he in all thy Woe.

2 He when with all his Burthens bow'd,
When to his Friends he this confeſs'd,
Your Maſter's Soul, your Chief, your God,
Is very heavy, and oppreſs'd,
Ev'n then he ſang an Hymn to ſhew
What thou, my Soul, when ſad ſhould'ſt do.

3 Art thou afflicted? go and pray;
Would'ſt thou be merry? ſing a Pſalm:
Thus Heavineſs divert away,
Thus do till all be ſtill and calm:
Thus Joy in Tribulation ſtill,
And ſing come Griefs whatever will.

4 Thus

4 Thus *Luther* try'd with Troubles ſore,
Look'd up thro' all, and prais'd the LAMB;
Nor gave the pleaſing Subject o'er,
Till by his Blood he overcame:
Sing thou, my Soul, and thus divert,
And warm with heav'nly Fires thy Heart.

5 Take that effectual Hymn which *John*
(When wrapp'd in ſacred Ecſtaſy)
Heard chaunted round the *Saviour's* Throne,
And ſing to all Eternity;
Worthy is he for Sinners ſlain!
The Lamb once dead, who lives again.

6 Be this, my Soul, thy fav'rite Theme,
He dy'd, and waſh'd me in his Blood,
Sing how the *Romans* tortur'd him,
And nail'd him to the Croſs's Wood;
Sing how the Blood his Garments dy'd
When he was bruis'd and crucify'd.

7 Sing of his Wounds, their Number ſing,
Their Worth, their End, their Deep profound,
And gaze upon thy bleeding King,
Till all thy Griefs in Him are drown'd:
Nor ceaſe till thou thy Crown haſt giv'n,
Yea ſing, my Soul, thyſelf to Heav'n.

HYMN

HYMN XLI.

I will ſing Praiſes to Thee, and not be ſilent.

1 SO long as I'm indulg'd by Thee
To lean upon thy Breaſt;
My Maſter, O I'll ſing to Thee,
I'll ſing and never reſt.

2 While deeper in thy Wounds I pry,
And ſee their Myſt'ry clear;
Louder Hoſanna will I cry,
I'll praiſe Thee ev'ry where.

3 My Friends and Enemies may join
To make me hold my Tongue;
But bleſs Thou ſtill this Soul of mine,
And thou ſhalt hear my Song.

4 I will not ceaſe while I may prove
Thy Merits wide and deep:
I'll ſing as did the Saints above,
Myſelf to my laſt Sleep.

HYMN XLII.

Altho' the Fig-Tree ſhall not bloſſom, &c.

1 LET Wars and Famines be abroad,
At Home be Broils and Death,

I ſhall

I ſhall be happy ſtill, for *God*
Supports my Soul by Faith.

2 Let pale Diſeaſes, Plague, and Sword,
Run through the ſinful Land;
I ſhall be ſafe, whilſt thou, my *Lord*,
Preſerv'ſt me in thine Hand.

3 Others may wail departed Friends,
And Loſs of Goods and Fame;
When theſe are not, their Comfort ends,
As when Men dream a Dream.

4 But tho' the Mountains ſhould be mov'd,
And Seas tempeſtuous roar;
If *Jeſus* whiſpers, *My Belov'd*,
I, *Lord*, will care no more.

5 What can I loſe if I have Thee?
Or what ſhould make me fear?
If CHRIST is mine, what's Death to me?
Diſtreſs, Diſeaſe, or War?

6 Can nothing pluck me from his Hands?
Then I'll rejoice in GOD;
Tho' Men, and Hell, before me ſtand,
And Fire, and Wrath, and Blood.

7 Tho' ev'ry Vine, and Fig-tree too,
Nor Bud, nor Bloſſom yield;
Tho' barren be the fruitful Ewe,
And deſolate the Field.

8 Tho' bleating Lambs, and lowing Beaſts
No more adorn the Stall,

I'll

I'll ſtill be glad in GOD *my* Reſt,
I'll joy in him 'midſt all.

9 Tho' rough and thorny be my Road,
And frowning all I ſee,
My Work is with the Lord my God,
It ſhall go well with me.

HYMN XLIII.

I will tell you what he hath done for my Soul.

1 LIKE a Pilgrim on ſome foreign Strand,
Like a Trav'ller in an unknown Land;
Nigh where no kind Shepherd waits,
Where no friendly Swain he meets:
So I journey'd at my *Lord*'s Command.

2 From this evil World, my loving *Lord*,
To the Wilderneſs my Soul allur'd;
There I found me ſtripp'd of Peace,
There I met with ſore Diſtreſs;
Strong Temptations there my Soul endur'd.

3 Fi'ry Serpents there innum'rable,
Stinging Locuſts, Frights from Death and Hell;
Many Days aſſaulted me,
Caus'd me Grief and Miſery;
Made me Sorrow more than common feel.

4 None

4 None was nigh me where I could enquire,
None could anſwer to my ſtrong Deſire,
I would find the Lord, I cry'd;
None to eaſe my Wants reply'd;
Angels heard from far, but came not nigher.

5 Thus I labour'd long myſelf to eaſe,
Daily ſtrove I, kneeling on my Knees;
Me by Pray'rs and Sighs to free
From my ſore Captivity;
Dear Experience ſaid, 'tis not in theſe,

6 Self-condemn'd, frighted then I ſtood,
Stung, and driven naked far from GOD;
Me behold, my *Saviour* cry'd;
Up I look'd, and there eſpy'd
Jeſus ſlaughter'd, hanging high in Blood.

7 All my Burthen, all my Pain was gone,
All my Sorrows vaniſh'd ſweetly ſoon;
This the Way, the Spirit ſaid,
This my Way I ſtraightway made,
And rejoicing, happy I went on.

8 Nearer as I to *Emanuel* drew,
Clearly could I my Redemption view;
On his Shoulders lay my Blame,
In his Hands and Heart my Name;
There my Pardon did he plainly ſhew.

9 Here I happy found the Gate of Heav'n,
Here (when hither by mere Mercy driv'n)
I whate'er I wanted ſaw,
Sweet Deliv'rance from the Law,
While he whiſper'd *all thy Sins forgiv'n*.

10 On this ſacred Mount where *Jeſus* dy'd,
While I tarry here, will I abide;
Here my happy Seat ſhall be
'Till my Paſſport clear I ſee;
Then I'll fly to *Jordan*'s other Side.

11 Now, my Fellows, all wayfaring Men,
Who are burthen'd, and like me complain,
I to *Jeſus* will direct,
Say, *look up to GOD's Elect:*
See him yonder, thee to ranſom ſlain.

12 Others *Jeſus* ſhall deſire and prove,
Others *Jeſus* ſhall adore and love;
Many Pilgrims far and wide
Shall his Mercies ſing who dy'd,
Nor be ſilent till they ſing above.

HYMN XLIV.

In him we have Redemption through his Blood.

1 WITH an holy Shame, my Father, I,
Bluſhing, proſtrate at thy Footſtool lie;
All my Errors I confeſs,
All my Faults and Sinfulneſs,
Worthy an eternal Death to die.

2 Like a Priſ'ner at his Prince's Bar,
Where th' Accuſers, and his Crimes appear:

So I, *Lord*, before Thee ſtand,
By thy fiery Law arraign'd;
Yet perſuaded I ſhall get off clear.

3 Tho' againſt me Men and Devils ſtood,
Tho' my Conſcience, and the Book of GOD,
Guilty found, and ſentene'd me,
Yet I'd make this ſingle Plea,
My *Redeemer* ſhed for me his Blood.

4 This I know wou'd ſurely gain the Cauſe,
This acquit me from the direful Laws,
This my Anſwer then ſhall be,
This my everlaſting Plea,
Chriſt my Follies bore upon the Croſs.

5 If I differ in my Frames, or am
Bow'd, and heavy, fill'd with Guilt and Shame,
Still I hold this faſt, and ſay,
JESUS took my Sins away,
All my Trouble bore my *Lord* the *Lamb*.

6 Should my Fellows aſk me how I do?
Still I'll anſwer, *Happy*, for I view
Chriſt is mine, and I am his,
He, *The Lord my Righteouſneſs*,
Is my Portion, is my Bliſs below.

7 I remember this, nor ought beſide,
Jeſus, yonder, on *Mount Calv'ry* dy'd;
There He bled upon the Tree,
There He paid the Price for me,
There my Love was for me crucify'd.

8 Hail *Emanuel*, firſt-born *Son of GOD*,
Hail, who haſt for me the Wine-Preſs trod;
While my Sins thy Raiment ſtain'd,
While thy Soul for me was pain'd,
While thy Body pure was bath'd in Blood.

HYMN XLV.

O come let us ſing to the Lord, let us heartily rejoice in the God of our Salvation.

1 O Come let us join,
Together combine,
To praiſe our dear *Saviour*, our Maſter divine.

2 Him let us adore,
Who, cover'd with Gore,
Late hanged on *Calv'ry*, both wounded and poor.

3 He worthy is bleſs'd
By Spirits at Reſt,
Who once in this Deſart his Godhead confeſs'd.

4 The heavenly Spheres,
Who ſaw him in Tears,
Yea ev'ry ſtrong Angel his Perſon reveres.

5 The Prophets, who told
His Suff'rings of old,
Sing now ſweet Thankſgivings on Pſalt'ries of Gold.

6 The Fathers, to whom
He shew'd he wou'd come,
Now in his Pavilion take up their long Home.

7 The Spirits of Men,
Who for him were slain,
From *Able* the Righteous, share now in his Reign.

8 Th' Apostles, who stood
Resisting to Blood
For *Jesus*'s Gospel, rejoice in their GOD.

9 The Confessors too,
Them prostrating low,
Cast down their bright Mitres, and thankfully bow.

10 O Church of the *Lamb*,
Here met, do the same,
With Saints, and with Angels, bless *Jesus*'s Name.

11 My Soul bear a Part,
For ransom'd thou art
By *Jesus*'s Blood-shedding, his Burial, and Smart.

12 To him that was slain,
The scorn'd *Nazarene*,
Be Glory, and Honour; let all say *Amen*.

HYMN

HYMN XLVI.

And they ſung a new Song, ſaying, Thou art worthy to take the Book, and to open the Seals thereof.

1 WHEN *John* born from Heav'n
To *Patmos* was driv'n,
Some wonderful Myſt'ries him open'd were giv'n.

2 A Viſion he had
Of him that was dead,
The *Lamb*, to whom Angels all ſubject were made.

3 He ſaw his dread Sire,
His Throne ſhone like Fire,
Him Seraphims worſhipp'd, and ev'ry Saint's Choir.

4 With Myſteries fill'd,
A Book *John* beheld,
Within it was written, but ſeven Times ſeal'd.

5 Then cried aloud
An Angel of GOD,
Who! who ſhall be worthy theſe Things to be ſeen'd?

6 *Who op'neth the Book?*
Who dare on it look?
He cry'd, but no Perſon the Thing undertook.

7 In Heaven was none,
Nor in the Earth one,
Nor under the Earth, who might dare look thereon,

8 *John* wept very much
When none might approach
To open the Book, for his Sorrow was ſuch.

9 An Elder eſpy'd
His Trouble, and cry'd,
The Lion of Judah is worthy, who dy'd,

10 Behold he prevails
To looſen the Seals,
The Book lo he opens, the Myſt'ries reveals.

11 Weep not, O Belov'd
Of GOD and approv'd,
The Cauſe of thy weeping behold is remov'd.

12 He looked and lo!
'Midſt Saints white as Snow,
Inſtead of a *Lyon*, a *Lamb* did he view.

13 He came, and the Book
From *God*'s Hand he took,
Found worthy, thro' Suff'rings, within it to look.

14 The Armies look'd on,
Till this he had done,
Then all quite aſtoniſh'd before him fell down!

15 Twelve Antients twice told,
The Chiefs of his Fold,
Caſt down at his Footſtool their Mitres of Gold.

16 The

16 The four full of Eyes,
With ſweeteſt Surprize,
Beheld and ſtraight echo'd his Praiſe thro' the Skies!

17 All *Jeſus* ador'd,
All worſhipp'd the *Lord*,
And Vials of Odours before him they pour'd.

18 Theſe Odours were Pray'rs,
And Sighing, and Tears,
Which came from the Brethren, and pleas'd the *Lamb*'s Ears.

19 Their Harps were well tun'd,
His Merits to ſound,
Who only ſo worthy was any where found.

20 Their Song they began
To him that was ſlain,
Thou *Jeſus* art worthy to live and to reign!

21 Thou haſt by thy Blood
Redeem'd us to GOD,
From ev'ry People, and Tongue, and Abode.

22 Thou bareſt our Pain,
Thou for us waſt ſlain,
Thy Prieſts, and thy Princes, on Earth we ſhall reign.

23 With Faces wrapp'd up,
A liſtening Troop,
Of Cherubs attend round *Sion*'s Mount Top.

24 They ſilently ſtood,
And gaz'd, heard, and view'd,
But now like a Thunder they prais'd the *Lamb*'s Blood

25 Ador'd be the *Lamb!*
They cry'd, let his Name
Be counted hence worthy of immortal Fame,

26 To *Jesus* alone,
Who sits on the Throne,
Be Blessings, and Riches, and Thanks, and Renown.

27 *Amen* and *Amen!*
Cry'd all the vast Train,
Be Glory, and Honour, to him that was slain.

28 He lives evermore;
Let every Pow'r,
And Throne, and Dominion, the *Saviour* adore.

HYMN XLVII.

When shall I come and appear before God?

1 BLessed *Jesus*, thy poor Lover longs,
With thy Church triumphant's noble Throngs,
To adore and see thy Face,
Bless the Riches of thy Grace;
Praise Thee purely 'midst the Angels Tongues.

2 Ever since thou hast espoused me,
Giv'n me Earnest I thy Courts shou'd see,
I have sigh'd and restless been,
Wanted much to enter in,
And enjoy Thee to Eternity.

3 Ev'ry Time, *Lord*, I with Troubles meet,
O (think I) that I was at his Feet;
Ev'ry Trial I ſuſtain,
Ev'ry Grief, and Fear, and Pain,
Makes me languiſh, and impatient wait.

4 Deareſt *Saviour*, ſure thou wilt not blame
Me for being eager as I am;
If thou doſt, I tell the Cauſe,
When thou diedſt on the Croſs
Thou didſt kindle in me this ſtrong Flame.

5 Since thy Mercy, O thou *Lamb* divine,
Sounded ſweetly in theſe Ears of mine,
Since I heard thy Love to Men,
How to ſave them thou waſt ſlain,
I to ſee Thee hunger, thirſt and pine.

6 Once I thought, if I an Hour cou'd prove
The Aſſurance, *Saviour*, of thy Love,
I ſhould nothing wiſh for more,
'Till my many Days were o'er,
But I alter'd when I felt it move.

7 When my Heart with *Jeſu*'s Love o'erflow'd,
When I firſt experienc'd *Jeſu*'s Blood,
O it rais'd my Wiſhes higher!
Blew my Sparks into a Fire!
Then I wanted to be gone to GOD.

8 Nothing ever ſince that happy Day,
Can me ſatiate, or my Thirſt allay;

No,

No, my Husband, nothing less
Than thy Throne and Happiness,
Will prevent my Pray'rs to flee away.

HYMN XLVIII.

We declare to you glad Tidings.

1 HO! ye Transgressors, you I bring
The News of Joy from Heav'n:
To you of matchless Love I sing,
Of Peace, and Sin forgiv'n.

2 Your Friend (ye vilest Publicans,
Extortioners unjust)
Calls you, with all your purple Stains,
Upon his Name to trust.

3 Come to him laden with your Guilt,
And take the Leper's Pray'r;
Lord Jesus, Master, if Thou wilt,
Thou us can'st cleanse and spare.

4 I know he will not turn away,
Nor mock your weak Complaint;
His Spirit speaks what you wou'd say,
And shews him all your Want.

5 Attend his Preachers Embassy,
The Heralds of his Son:
Be reconcil'd saith God, they cry,
Consent, and lo! 'tis done.

HYMN

HYMN XLIX.

Hereby perceive we the Love of God, because he laid down his Life for us.

1 UNſpotted *Lamb of GOD*,
All over ſpread with Blood;
Whoſe Hands were wounded ſore
On the accurſed Wood,
I humbly Thee adore;
Vail I, *Lord*, my Face,
'Midſt the ranſom'd Race,
GOD of Life and Grace.

2 I thank my deareſt *Lord*
For all Thou haſt endur'd;
And Thou moſt gracious ſaith,
The Wrath on me was pour'd,
The Curſe, and Sin, and Death,
Which belong'd to thee,
I, to make thee free,
Bore upon the Tree.

3 I ſee thy bloody Sweat,
From Forehead to the Feet,
Thy Raiment all beſmear:
The Drops are very great,
They ſpeak, and lo! I hear;

What

What they cry to gain,
'Tis the Souls of Men.
Thoſe who caus'd thy Pain.

4 And can I look on this,
And hear and hold my Peace,
Nor make thy Mercy known?
I muſt right chearful kiſs
Thy bleeding Wounds each one;
Telling far and wide,
Chriſt is crucify'd,
Chriſt the *Lamb* has dy'd.

5 Here *David's Branch* and Root,
Low at thy Croſs's Foot,
In deepeſt Poverty,
I taſte the heav'nly Fruit,
And love, and weep, and cry,
Sinful Duſt I am,
Fill'd with holy Shame,
'Fore the loving *Lamb*.

6 Nought me could recommend
To Thee, my *God*, my Friend,
For I had nothing good,
A Slave in *Satan's* Hand,
And in my Sin and Blood;
Then thou bid'ſt me live,
Grace and Truth receive,
I thy Ranſom give.

7 This *Lord*, thy Seed and Bride,
Remember and abide

All

All proſtrate, and abas'd,
Near thy moſt bleſſed Side,
Aſtoniſh'd and amaz'd;
Fill'd with Gratitude,
Sing they ſweetly loud
Thy Free-Grace and Blood.

8 So all the happy Choir,
Inſpir'd with holy Fire,
Thro' *Jeſu's* Death forgiv'n,
Aſcended up much higher,
And gone to ſing in Heav'n;
This in Mem'ry keep,
Nor can let it ſlip
From their Fellowſhip.

9 Below the pardon'd Train
Nought know but *Chriſt* was ſlain;
And when one aſk them why
They count them happy Men?
They ſay, *The Lamb did die,*
Thro' his Death and Blood,
Say the bleſſed Crowd,
We are One with God.

10 If farther one would go,
And of the fav'rite Few,
Why they are lov'd demand?
They'd ſay, *We do not know,*
Ourſelves aſtoniſh'd ſtand,
While we are aſſur'd
What the Lamb, our Lord,
Hath for us endur'd.

11 Full thirty Years he came
To ſeek each wand'ring Lamb;
And when he found us out,
From all our Sin and Blame
He us moſt freely bought;
Tho' we caus'd his Pain,
He ſo lov'd our Train,
He for us was ſlain.

HYMN L.

Is not this the Carpenter?

1 WITH Thankfulneſs I ſing the *Man*,
Of bleſſed *Mary* born;
The *Lamb of GOD* for Sinners ſlain,
The ſame the *Hebrews* ſcorn.

2 My Friend, I ſing, who took my Place,
Deliver'd up for me;
For me, and and all th' ungodly Race,
Who well their Ruin ſee.

3 The *Carpenter*, the *Nazerene*,
Who all my Curſe endur'd,
Who having waſh'd away my Sin,
My Part in Heav'n inſur'd.

4 When he on *Calv'ry* naked bled,
He groan'd beneath my Pain;
A Spectacle to Angels made,
A Gazing-Stock for Men.

5 This of my LORD I can't forget,
With all beſide I'd part;
But O his Love, Death, Wounds, and Sweat,
Are written on my Heart.

6 I fain would baniſh from my Mind
The World, and Things of Senſe,
And only muſe on what I find
In him, nor move from hence.

7 In golden Show'rs of Drops of Blood,
I ſit beneath the Croſs;
And view the Lamb-like *Son of GOD*,
And how he ſlaughter'd was.

8 I kiſs the Nail-holes in his Feet,
And where the Spear went in;
And make the Cave my ſweet Retreat,
From all the Storms of Sin.

9 Nothing like him ſo pleaſing ſhines
In my admiring Eyes;
Love, conqu'ring Love, my Soul confines
Him more than all to prize.

HYMN LI.

I am oppreſs'd, Lord undertake for me.

1 HOW melancholy is my Caſe!
How deſolate and croſs'd!
Forſook by Men, and hid from *GOD*,
While ev'ry Hope is loſt.

2 Juſt as a Man o'ertook by Night,
And in an unknown Way;
In whoſe lone Paths no Swain reſides,
Nor friendly Shepherds ſtay.

3 No gracious Star appears his Guide,
Nor Track by Mankind worn;
But dark and ſolitary all,
And gloomy and forlorn.

4 He knows not but his diſmal Road,
And ev'ry Step he treads,
To ſome deep Lake, or howling Wild,
Or dang'rous River leads.

5 Then his exalted Voice he ſtrains,
And loudly makes his Cry;
In vain he calls, no Neighbour hears,
No kind Redreſs is nigh.

6 Again his Voice he raiſes high,
And makes his moving Pray'r;
Only faint Echo's hollow Sound
Salute his liſt'ning Ear.

7 O thou *great Shepherd* of the Sheep,
Whoſe Eyes ſee all my Grief;
Take thy Wand'rer by the Hand,
And miniſter Relief.

8 Behold in what a Labyrinth I
My tedious Months have paſs'd,
Diſquieted myſelf in vain,
Nor Eaſe obtain'd at laſt.

9 Pity the Chief of Sinners, *Lord*,
And lead me to thy Breaſt,
There let me wipe away my Tears,
And find eternal Reſt.

10 There ſhould my favour'd Soul arrive,
In Hallelujahs loud!
O JESUS, I would bleſs thy Name,
And thy redeeming Blood.

HYMN LII.

By Grace are ye ſaved, thro' Faith.—Not of Works, leſt any Man ſhould boaſt.

1 HOW long, ye People, will ye halt
Betwixt two wide Opinions thus?
How long will ye your Works exalt,
Yet praiſe the Blood of *Jeſu*'s Croſs?

2 If ye can Righteouſneſs obtain
By Works, or what yourſelves can do;
Then ſay of *Chriſt*, he dy'd in vain,
Another Way to Heav'n we know.

3 But if without his ſhedding Blood
No one could e'er Remiſſion find;
Then only name the *Lamb of GOD*,
The *Saviour* of the loſt Mankind.

4 No other Name allow above,
Nor in the Earth, ſave his alone,

Thro' which poor Sinners Pardon prove,
Or gain Acceſs to yonder's Throne.

5 Of Works no more ye Sinners boaſt,
But ſee his Blood who lately dy'd
On *Calv'ry*, to redeem the Loſt,
Look on him and be juſtify'd.

6 Ye Serious, who have ſtrove in vain,
By Self-denial, Alms, and Pray'r,
A perfect Righteouſneſs t'obtain,
Behold the Lamb, your Help is there.

7 Whoe'er in Sin have ſpent his Days,
Ye Publicans and Harlots vile,
Look up to *Chriſt*, believe his Grace,
And ſtoop, and be his Croſs's Spoil.

8 The *Lord*, the *God*, let Sinners ſay,
The *Lamb* that bled himſelf to Death,
The World's Offences takes away,
And ſaves whoever comes by Faith.

9 He is the *God*, the *Saviour*, He;
None help'd when he the Wine-preſs trod;
Among the People none might be
Found worthy to be join'd with *God*.

10 To him alone let all confeſs,
And for Salvation bow the Knee;
He is the *LORD our Righteouſneſs*,
He is the *Saviour*, only he.

HYMN LIII.

He hath delivered us.

1 AND can it be that I ſhould prove
The Riches of our *Saviour's* Love?
Can I experience this:
That *Jeſus* dy'd a ſpotleſs Lamb
To take away my Guilt and Shame,
And buy me endleſs Bliſs?

2 This is moſt certain, yet I ſee
With Wonder this great Myſtery,
And bow my thankful Knees;
And give a thouſand Thanks to him,
Who ſhed the-more-than-precious Stream
To purchaſe all my Eaſe.

3 I late a poor weak Sinner was,
Had broken my Creator's Laws,
A Slave to Senſe and Sin;
Then JESUS ſaw me, and releas'd
My captive Soul, and on his Breaſt
In Peace divine I lean.

4 While Happineſs like this I know,
Thee, *Son of GOD*, who doſt beſtow
Theſe Favours, I'll adore;
Thee will I bleſs, nor end my Song,
Till 'midſt yon high-exalted Throng,
Eternally I ſoar!

HYMN LIV.

I was loſt, but am now found.

1 O Had my Soul ten thouſand Tongues,
All, all ſhould join one Theme:
The Subject of my endleſs Songs
Should be my *Saviour*'s Name.

2 I, the Redeemed of the *Lord*,
The Purchaſe of his Blood;
Can ſweetly chaunt forth theſe two Words,
With Heav'n's glad Hoſts, *my God*.

3 Bold as a *Lion*, I who late
Againſt our *Saviour* ſtrove;
Now conquer'd ſit at his dear Feet,
And ſing the Pow'r of Love.

4 His happy Spoil am I become,
His willing Captive now;
His gracious Wounds have made me Room,
And waſh'd my Sins like Snow.

5 I, Wonder all in Earth or Heav'n!
The firſt-born Child of Wrath,
Am ſav'd, am ranſom'd, and forgiv'n,
And bought from Sin and Death.

6 I once was blind, and headlong ran
The Road that leads to Hell:
I ſlight-

I ſlighted all the trueſt Gain,
And Bliſs unchangeable;
7 I trampled on my *Saviour's* Blood,
And diſeſteem'd his Croſs;
In Sin's Highway I daring ſtood,
And there my Glory was:
8 There had I ever ſtaid, had he,
Whom I ſo evil us'd,
Deny'd to pity ſinful me,
Or Mercy me refus'd.
9 But ſee, O Church of *God* above,
Behold, O Church below;
For I inherit *Jeſu's* Love,
And free Salvation know.
10 His Fame to all Eternity
My happy Soul ſhall ſpread;
I'll ſing, *He liv'd, he dy'd for me,*
For me to Death he bled.

HYMN LV.

Enter not into Judgment with thy Servant, O Lord.

1 RIghteous art thou, O *God*, yet let me plead,
Permit the vileſt of the fallen Race
To tell his Sin, and bow his guilty Head
Before thy Mercy-Seat, thy Throne of Grace.

2 As num'rous as the Stars, or countleſs Sands,
My Faults, Backſlidings, and Tranſgreſſions are,
Yet look upon my *Saviour*'s bleeding Hands,
My Pardon, *Lord*, my Pardon's written there,

3 Bring not in Judgment me, nor call to Mind,
Nor in the Ballances my Doings weigh;
But let me Refuge in my *Saviour* find,
And hide me in him at the awful Day.

4 I bluſh, as I approach Thee, and confeſs
My wicked Life, my Shame, and Nakedneſs:
I know, a poorer Sinner than I am
Ne'er aſk'd for Mercy, or implor'd thy Name.

5 Yet vile and filthy as I am I come,
Thy gracious Spirit ſaith, *There ſtill is Room*;
Thro' all my Guilt I make this pow'rful Plea,
Our Saviour dy'd to ranſom ſuch as me.

6 This makes me hope, yet makes my Shame increaſe,
How could I grieve ſuch Love, or Friend like this?
O cover all my Sin in thy long Veſt,
I Part confeſs, LORD cover all the reſt.

HYMN LVI.

When ſhall I come and appear before God?

1 WHEN ſhall I roam no more?
How long, my Feet, will ye Make

Make Blunders on the even Floor,
And ſtep ſo heedleſly?
Mines Eyes, how long muſt Sin
Employ you to my Hurt?
And when ſhall *Chriſt the Nazarene*
Alone my Heart divert?

2 How long muſt I be kept
At Diſtance thus from *Chriſt?*
Like thoſe who fooliſh Virgins ſlept,
And of the *Bridegroom* miſt.
O my dear *Saviour*, rend
Thou ev'ry Vail in twain,
That parts me from thyſelf, my Friend,
Or puts thy Child to Pain.

3 If Idols lurk unſeen
In my deceitful Breaſt,
Or ſteal, my tender *Lord*, between
My Soul and Thee, my Reſt;
Like *Dagon* let them fall
Before the Ark, and be
Forever torn away, and all
That turns my Face from Thee.

4 Let my devoted Soul
Again enjoy Thee there,
And in thy Wounds redeeming Pool
O drown my Dreads and Fear.
Bid ev'ry Foe within
In Silence lie, nor move;
Nor ſuffer thou the Thought of Sin
To cloud the Pow'r of Love.

HYMN LVII.

Till the Day-Star arise in your Hearts.

1 BLeſſed *Jeſus, King of Kings,*
Who haſt healing in thy Wings,
Sweetly on my Soul ariſe,
Shine from the eternal Skies.

2 Bleſs'd with thy propitious Rays,
Thee, O JESU, will I praiſe;
One eternal Song I'll bring,
And forever love and ſing.

3 Thou the *Day-Star* art, and I,
As thou riſeſt will draw nigh,
Fearleſs to adore thy Name,
O delightful, matchleſs Lamb.

4 Let my Darkneſs fly, and be
Wholly loſt, my GOD, in Thee;
Let me in thy Light perceive
Thee, and in Thee ever live.

5 Cloſe by thy moſt precious Side
Let thy blindfold Child abide;
Never thence may I go far,
Till in Glory I appear.

HYMN LVIII.

How ſhall I ſing the Lord's Song in a ſtrange Land?

1 HOW can I ſing the Songs of *Iſrael* here?
When baniſh'd from my Father's Houſe ſo far?

2 How can I tune my Tongue to ſing the Man,
Where he by wicked Hands was lately ſlain?

3 How can theſe Strangers reliſh what I ſing
Of Thee, my *Lord*, who ſerve another King?

4 Songs made in Praiſe of *Jeſus* ſuit not well,
Unleſs the Hearers his Redemption feel.

5 Uncouth will be my Language, and my Theme
Unſav'ry, where Men love not JESU's Name.

6 When Chriſtian Friends are from me, then alone
I'll ſecretly my Heart to JESUS tune.

7 In Silence, and unheard of Men, will I
Sing ſweet, and GOD ſhall hear my Melody.

8 Or would ſome Soul ſincere fain know his Fame,
To him I'll willing ſing his Blood and Name.

9 And if himſelf a Sinner he can ſee,
The ſweeteſt Muſic to his Heart 'twill be.

10 For

10 For O he is the Sinner's Friend, his Blood
Hath brought ſome thouſand Sinners home to *God*.

11 Whoever want him, loſt, poor, and undone,
To them will he their Friend and *God* make known.

12 He is a dear *Redeemer*, ſtrong, and true,
Nor is his Fellow found with us below.

13 The Poor, whene'er they cry'd, were help'd by Him,
The Captives alſo doth my *God* redeem.

14 O my dear Brethren, he's ſo good to me,
I could ſing of him to Eternity!

15 Would Men take Pleaſure in him, as do I,
I would not end my Anthems till I die.

16 Tho' in a foreign Land, if they wou'd hear,
I wou'd in Songs his wond'rous Grace declare.

17 My Eyelids like the *dying Swan's* ſhould cloſe,
And end my Breath in Songs to *Sharon's Roſe*.

HYMN LIX.

Look to him, and be ſaved.

1 SURE none can conceive
How happy I live,
To what ſolid Comforts and Peace I arrive.

2 If

2 If I am oppreſs'd,
By Croſſes diſtreſs'd,
I look up to JESUS, who gives me his Reſt.

3 If wanting I ſeem,
I look upon him;
And ceaſe my Wants, gazing upon his Blood Stream.

4 If Doubt, Fear, or Sin,
Diſturb me within,
I look up, and ſtraightway I Victory win.

5 How can I but love?
Or ceaſe to approve
So good a Redeemer? or from him remove?

6 My Refuge is he,
So ever he'll be;
I find him ſo daily, when to him I flee.

7 When hungry, my Meat,
My Water moſt ſweet,
My Raiment, my Beauty, my ſafeſt Retreat.

8 My Brethren I view
In Bondage below;
O be my Companions, and cloſe with him too.

9 Let all Men deny
This Liberty, I
Am made a bleſt Witneſs, and ſo teſtify.

10 This Freedom is giv'n
To all who are driv'n
By Trouble to JESUS, this Foretaſte of Heav'n.

HYMN

HYMN LX.

In that Day ſhall be a Fountain opened to the Houſe of David, *and to the Inhabitants of* Jeruſalem, *for Sin, and for Uncleanneſs.*

1 A Fountain's open'd, cries the *Man of GOD!*
A Fountain, whoſe pure Waters ſhine like Blood:
For *Judah*, for *Jeruſalem*, he ſaith,
The Torrents run, their Poor herein may bathe.

2 *Bethesda's Pool* ne'er Virtues had like this,
Nor heal'd ſuch Sores, nor cur'd ſuch Leproſies:
Nor were *Siloam's* Streams, nor *Jordan's* Flood,
Tho' all were put together, half ſo good.

3 The Name was giv'n by him who made it flow,
Who well its deep Deſign and Virtues knew:
Why call'd a Fountain, now at laſt I ſee,
And wond'ring own the ſacred Myſtery!

4 Rivers and Pools are oft in Summers dry'd,
But Fountains are with deeper Store ſupply'd:
Thus by a Fountain figur'd in the Stream,
That from our *Saviour's* wounded Body came.

5 Had highly-favour'd *Zachariah* ſaid,
A Pool, a River for the Poor is made;

Deſpairing

Despairing thirsty Sinners wou'd have cry'd,
My boundless Wants then ne'er will be supply'd.

6 But 'tis a Fountain, and its Deep profound
No Man can fathom, neither Angel sound:
Ho! all who thirst, come, drink, yea come again,
Come often, always, O ye Sons of Men.

7 Ye Souls unclean, defil'd by Hell and Sin,
Behold the Fountain's open, glad step in:
Your Sins yon flowing Stream shall wash away,
And drown and lose in Love's eternal Sea.

8 For Sin, and for Uncleanness, was the Flood
Prepar'd, and open'd by the *Lamb of GOD*:
The springing Conduits of his Hands, Feet, Side,
Will all your Crimes, tho' ne'er so heinous, hide.

9 Not only Water from the *Saviour* came,
But Blood and Water well compos'd the Stream:
Water to quench the Thirst, and Blood to cleanse
Away the Unbelief, and Blot out Sins.

10 This Fountain in a howling Wilderness,
I greatly prize, and its dear Author bless:
I should have fainted, hadst not thou, my *God*,
This to refresh me in my Journey shew'd.

11 I feel I need these Waters ev'ry Hour,
I am not well, but when I feel their Pow'r;
Nigh will I keep, and here (as *Hagar* did)
I'll fill my Bottle often, and abide.

12 Here will I waſh my Cloaths from ev'ry Stain,
And make them here from Spot or Wrinkle clean:
So ſhall I have a Right to ſit with GOD,
I having waſh'd my Robe in JESU's Blood.

HYMN LXI

I ſlept, but my Heart waked.

1 WHEN Midnight-ſleep mine Eyelids clos'd
My Heart abode awake,
And hearken'd to a ſoft ſtill Voice,
For my *Beloved* ſpake.

2 *Open, my Love,* he kindly ſaid,
And I will enter in;
My Locks are fill'd with purple Dews,
And torn my Hands by Sin.

3 At firſt, alas! I made Excuſe,
And anſwer'd to his Word,
My Raiment's off, and I'm aſham'd,
Becauſe I'm naked, Lord.

4 Let me prepare myſelf, I ſaid,
(And my beſt Preſents bring)
Put on my Cloaths, I'll open then,
And wait upon the King.

5 This ſaid, he waited while I ſtay'd;
I ſlept, he call'd no more;
But ſilently he (griev'd) retir'd,
And left my bolted Door.

6 I wak'd but found my *Lord* was gone,
I cry'd, I call'd in vain!
Uncommon Terror then I felt,
Nor cou'd from Tears refrain.

7 Like *Mary* preſs'd with ſtrange Remorſe,
To all I ſaw, I ſaid,
My All is gone! is gone from me,
Nor know I where he's laid.

8 O what a Weight did I ſuſtain!
What Torment did I feel!
I thought he'd call no more, but I
Muſt now be ſent to Hell.

9 A dark, a ſolitary Way,
In Search of him I trod;
And ſick of Love, and faint was I,
When lo! appear'd my GOD!

10 Thro' Faith's bleſs'd Lattice I eſpy'd,
By glimm'ring Light, the LAMB;
I wou'd have ſung, but ſecret Joy
My happy Soul o'ercame.

11 I thought upon my former Sin,
And like one frighted ſtood;
Till with a Smile he cry'd, *my Child*,
And then I ſaid, *my GOD*.

HYMN LXII.

Bind the Sacrifice with Cords, even to the Horns of the Altar.

1 MOST careful Shepherd when I ſtray,
For prone to ſtray I am;
Come after me, and in thy Way
Reduce thy dear-bought Lamb.

2 This well thou know'ſt, for I appeal
To thy all-ſeeing Eye;
My inmoſt Soul loves Thee ſo well,
Than ſin, I'd rather die.

3 (Not willingly) I oft forget
My *Saviour* and his Blood:
I leave my Place, ev'n his dear Feet,
And grieve my tender GOD.

4 This makes me now, with bended Knees
Thy daily Care implore:
Confine me, *Lord*, if Thee it pleaſe,
And let me rove no more.

5 O take the golden Girdle, Love,
And bind my Heart to thine;
Let me thy little Captive prove,
Become thy Spoil divine.

6 Let all the Chains that bound my *Lord*,
Before the Tetrarch's Bar,

Make

Make me thy Pris'ner ſo ſecur'd,
As not to wander far.

7 Yea, other Liberty deny,
But this, to live to God;
To Thee to ſpeak, to act, to die,
In Honour of thy Blood.

8 Upon the Altar, *Jeſus Chriſt*,
And to the Horns his Hands,
O bind me, *Lord*, thy Sacrifice,
Nor looſen e'er my Bands.

9 I'll bleſs my ſweet Captivity,
The Cord that girds me faſt
To him, who living loved me,
And dy'd for me at laſt.

10 With him may I united firm,
Be bleſt, alive or dead;
While under me, his own right Arm,
(Leſt I ſhould fall) be laid.

HYMN LXIII.

They drank of that ſpiritual Rock that followed them, and that Rock was CHRIST.

1 A Rock the *Hebrew* Army track'd,
Thro' which (as Water-Streams they lack'd,
And Shadow in the Heat)

They were with Shade and Streams ſupply'd,
The Rock was *Chriſt*, the Shade his Side,
The Streams his bloody Sweat.

2 This Rock, this precious Corner-Stone,
My Soul has found, and builds thereon,
And from the Top ſhe ſees
The Glory of the World above;
She takes a Proſpect of the Grove
Of everlaſting Trees.

3 Here, out of Reach of ev'ry Foe,
She ſtoops and views the World below,
Beholds the deſert Lands:
Where Foes conſpire, like Winds and Rain,
And ſwelling Floods to ſhake (in vain)
The Rock on which ſhe ſtands.

4 When high the ſtormy Billows riſe,
And Clouds prevent the clearer Skies,
My Soul finds here a Reſt,
A Hiding-Place, till all is o'er;
Five Caves are made ſecure and ſure,
Where happy I am bleſt.

5 So when I thirſt, or fainty grow,
From theſe five Caves, five Rivers flow
Of Water and of Wine;
Of this I taſte, and 'tis ſo good,
I ſtraight have Help, it drinks like Blood,
And ſtays this Soul of mine.

6 If ever weary I am made,
I go and lay my tir'd Head
Where *John* before me lay;
Immediately (ſo ſoft's the place)
I find Refreſhment, Strength, and Eaſe,
And Sorrows flee away.

7 Within this Rock my Soul deſcries
A thouſand ſacred Rarities,
The Clefts where *Moſes* was
When he the Father's Glory view'd,
The Back-Parts of the unſeen GOD,
As thro' tranſparent Glaſs.

8 Here one may alſo ſtand and ſee
Mount *Tabor*, and Mount *Calvary*;
And from this Mountain's Height,
A Soul whoſe Eyes are ſtrong may view
Mount *Sion*, and the Armies too,
Upon it cloath'd in white.

9 On this eternal Rock is grav'n
The Names of all who go to Heav'n,
Here one may ſee his Name,
So deep inlaid with Sweat and Blood,
That whoſo ſees it cries, *'Twas hew'd*
By my beloved Lamb.

10 Thus might I always ſtand and ſhew
What Things on this rich Mountain grow,
What Sights from hence appear;
What Safety's here, and not tell all
Till Heav'n's bright Orbs in Thunder fall,
And *Chriſt* comes in the Air.

11 Who curious is, and wants to be
A Witneſs of theſe Truths like me,
Let him the *Lamb* believe;
And truſt his Soul upon the Blood
That trickled from the *Son of GOD*,
When late he ceas'd to live.

HYMN LXIV.

As the Eyes of a Maiden to the Hand of her Miſtreſs, ſo our Eyes wait upon the Lord our God.

1 O People of GOD,
Who aſſemble To-day,
To hear of the *Blood*,
To praiſe and to pray:
Ye dear Congregation,
Let ev'ry vain Thought
In holy Subjection
To *Jeſus* be brought

2 Be ſilent, Concern,
And Care and Complaint,
Nought elſe would we learn,
Or any Thing want;
But One, even *Jeſus*,
The meek *Nazarene*,
The *Saviour* who ſaves us
From Death, Hell, and Sin.

3 The

3 The World may regard
The Pleaſures of Senſe,
But we late have heard
Of *Jeſus*, a Prince;
Of immortal Pleaſures
In him found below,
And ne'er-fading Treaſures,
And this we purſue.

4 Our Souls are a-thirſt,
Nor eaſy can be,
Nor will they, till firſt
Chriſt's Glory they ſee:
We heard at this Meeting
His Children he'll meet,
So we'll be found ſitting
Before his Saint's Feet

5 Amidſt the dear Race
We'll always attend,
And wait till his Grace
On all he ſhall ſend:
We'll wait with Thankſgiving,
Becauſe he hath dy'd,
And join with the Living
Who in him confide.

6 It will not be long
Before we ſhall prove,
With Heav'n's bright Throng,
The Bliſs of his Love;

The Fulneſs and Greatneſs
Of Grace, and his Blood,
Not as thro' a Lattice,
But clear ſee our GOD.

7 No Preacher, ſave One,
We then ſhall hear more,
The *Lamb* on the Throne,
Whom Thouſands adore,
Shall then ſweetly tell us
What Riches are ours;
And Angels ſhall hail us,
Dominions and Pow'rs.

8 A Virgin moſt chaſte,
Without the leaſt Stain,
Array'd in a veſt
Of Linen made clean;
Shall we be preſented
By *Jeſus* to GOD,
Join'd cloſe, and cemented
To him by his Blood.

9 His Spouſe, and his Bride,
We ever ſhall ſtand,
Or ſit at his Side,
Upon his right Hand;
While Cherubs admire
At us on the Throne,
And Angels enquire,
And bow and fall down.

10 To all the glad Hoſt
Our Anſwer ſhall be,
We, whom ye ſaw loſt,
(Thro' *Chriſt* on the Tree)
Were ſaved forever:
All Praiſe to his Blood!
Ador'd be our *Saviour*,
Our dear LORD and GOD!

HYMN LXV.

Which Things the Angels deſire to look into!

1 O Deareſt *Saviour*, well may Men
Aſtoniſh'd on thy Mercy gaze,
Since Angels, much more pure and clean,
Before Thee (wond'ring) vail their Face?
They ſee in Part the Myſtery,
And deeper in thy Love wou'd pry.

2 How may I marvel, when ſo clear
I ſee thy Love, and feel its Pow'r,
Haye known it ſweetly caſts out Fear,
And prov'd it changeleſs to this Hour;
And am perſuaded, and aſſur'd,
Thou wilt remain a loving *Lord!*

3 If heedleſs I have done amiſs,
Or thought or ſpoke a Word that's wrong,

Thy Blood wash'd off the Sinfulness,
And purg'd my Heart, and cleans'd my Tongue;
And scarce I look'd, or thought thereon,
But straight my Guiltiness was gone.

4 O precious *Saviour!* precious Blood!
Was I immediately convey'd
To stand before the Throne of GOD,
I could not help but bow my Head,
And own Thee wonderful in Grace,
And great and marvellous thy Ways!

5 Often while I thy Goodness prove,
And view thy Cross's Mystery,
Behold thy rich redeeming Love,
Thy great Regard for sinful me,
I scarce can keep my Place, but down
I fall, and bow before thy Throne.

6 I worship from my Heart thy Name,
Nor am I reconcil'd to stay,
But fain wou'd die, for sick I am,
And sore a-thirst to fly away;
And mingle with the Hosts, who now
With endless Hymns before Thee bow.

HYMN LXVI.

I will tell of all his wondrous Works.

1 THE Deeds of the *Lamb*,
His Croſs, Blood, and Name,
We all are determin'd alone to proclaim.

2 When others relate
The Deeds of the Great,
We'll mention his Conqueſts, and kiſs his dear Feet.

3 Nor heard we alone
What Things he hath done,
Ourſelves bear him Witneſs, for we have them known.

4 He ſaw in the Fall
The Ruin of all;
Th' Offences erecting a Partition-Wall.

5 He ſaw the drawn Sword
Flame forth from the *Lord*,
To ſlay all the People he made by his Word.

6 Then ran he between
The Wrath and the Sin,
And thus to the *Father* did *Jeſus* begin:

7 My *Father*, rever'd,
Thy People have err'd,
But O let thy Servants in Mercy be ſpar'd!

8 E'er them Thou consume,
Lo! I the *Lamb* come,
To die, and be punish'd in poor Sinners Room.

9 He said, and his Sire,
Laid by his dread Ire; [Fire.
Refrain'd to take Vengeance, which burn'd like a

10 Then cried the *Lamb!*
The World's Sin, and Shame,
Chastise in my Person, and there lay the Blame.

11 The Father comply'd,
Our Lust, and our Pride,
He charg'd on his Son, who to cancel it dy'd.

12 This *Belzebub* found,
Who all Men had bound,
Whose Head the *Redeemer*, by dying, did wound.

13 The Captives to free,
Himself on the Tree
Was captive to *Satan* and his Company.

14 The Price he thus paid,
For those who were made
The *Devil's*, when *Adam* the *Lord* disobey'd.

15 The Souls Hell disown'd,
When *Jesus* they found;
And all they surrender'd, when *Jesus* they bound.

16 The *Lamb* having freed
His well-belov'd Seed, [Head.
Himself then deliver'd, and bruis'd the Fiend's

17 He

17 He ſhew'd them his Pow'r,
And left them to roar;
And know that poor Sinners are *Satan*'s no more.

18 This makes him diſtreſs,
And tempt, and oppreſs
The Souls of the Faithful, who firm believe this.

19 But let him tempt on,
He ſhall not get one;
For whom the *Lord Jeſus* did bleeding attone.

20 The *Lamb* will demand
His Seed from his Hand,
And peaceably bring them home ſafe to their Land.

HYMN LXVII.

Kiſs the Son, leſt he be angry, and ſo ye periſh from the right Way. If his Wrath be kindled, yea, but a little. Bleſſed are all they that put their Truſt in Him.

1 O Come let us praiſe
The *Antient of Days*,
The *God of our Fathers*, who ſhew'd us his Ways.

2 Let all who have known
What Things he hath done,
His Majeſty reverence, and kiſs his dear Son.

3 The Church he bought dear,
With each *Overſeer*,
Helps, *Elders*, and *Deacons*, ſhould *Jeſus* revere.

4 He loves them, and will
Be kind to them ſtill;
His Oath, and his Promiſe to them he'll fulfil.

5 Nor to them alone,
But every one,
Who have of his *Spirit*, tho' to us unknown.

6 The Kindred he claims,
Them *Brethren* he names,
My *Mother*, my *Siſters*, my *Sheep*, and my *Lambs*.

7 Let us his dear Seed,
With Wonder indeed,
This Mercy acknowledge, and bow down our Head.

8 Tell each to his Friend,
Till up we aſcend,
My Maker's my Huſband, hence World without End.

9 My Brother is he,
Who dy'd on the Tree;
Yea, nearer related is *Jeſus* to me.

10 This ſay, and intreat
Whoever you meet,
To come, and like *Mary*, ſit down at his Feet.

11 Say, you may receive,
If you but believe;
This Bleſſing, but aſk you, and *Jeſus* will give.

12 You

12 You may be the Bride
To him who once dy'd,
Of whom, ſaid *Ignatius*, *My Love's crucify'd.*

13 This Bliſs blaze abroad,
Invite ye to GOD
Poor Sinners, and let them experience his Blood.

14 At this lo! I aim,
I point to the *Lamb*;
My Brethren, the Sinners, I tell of his Name.

15 And while I increaſe
In Knowledge and Peace,
I cannot be ſilent, nor can I ſay leſs.

16 I fain wou'd ſay more,
Nor wou'd I give o'er,
Till all know my Maſter, till all him adore.

HYMN LXVIII.

I have ſinned, what ſhall I ſay unto Thee?

1 O *Prince of Peace, O Son of God!*
How have I treated Thee?
How ſlighted thy redeeming Blood,
And thy Benignity!

2 And yet how kind, how very kind
Haſt thou to me behav'd?

Haſt led me where thy Reſt I find,
And me from Vengeance ſav'd.

3 Amazing Love! haſt Thou beſtow'd
On me, my loving Head:
For I by Thee am brought to God,
And his bleſs'd Fav'rite made.

4 As full ripe Corn, behold I bow
Before Thee, *David's Son*;
The more I ſee, ſo much more low,
I worſhip at thy Throne.

5 O ſtill let Love, redeeming Love,
My humble Motive be,
Till I upon the Mount above
Fall down, and ſing to Thee.

HYMN LXIX.

He ſhall ſet up an Enſign for the Nations.

1 JESUS my King,
Thy Croſs I ſing;
Thy Colours red,
Around like Banners ſpread;
The Enſign lifted high,
Lo! I
Behold by Faith;
Which ſhew thy Death:
The Blood thereon,
Shews what Thou, *Lord*, haſt done.

2 To

2 To this let flow
The Lands below:
Nations repair,
And liſt them Soldiers here:
The Heathen ſhew thy Croſs,
With Us,
Who feel its Pow'r,
Whom once it bore:
And let them ſee,
What Fruit grows on this Tree.

HYMN LXX.

Let the Daughters of Sion *be glad.*

1 LET the Church of GOD be glad,
Let the Virgin-Daughter ſing,
Let the Bride adore her Head,
Now be joyful in her King.

2 Let the Iſles and deſert Lands,
Hail our loving *Saviour's* Name;
Who to heal their Hurt deſcends,
Who redeems them from their Blame.

3 Thro' the Earth's remoteſt Bounds,
Now the *Saviour's* Fame is borne,
Wide the glorious Goſpel ſounds,
Sinners to the *Lord* return.

4 Heathens hear the Lord's Report,
Loud 'tis blaz'd from Pole to Pole;

Men of ev'ry Sect and Sort,
Sing the Travail of his Soul.

5 Fooliſh Virgins 'wake from Sleep,
Fallen Churches are reſtor'd;
All in holy Fellowſhip
Join to thank a ſuff'ring *Lord.*

6 Dead Opinions ſink away,
Jeſus is poſſeſs'd by Faith;
Chriſt is preach'd the living Way,
Chriſt, his Righteouſneſs, and Death.

7 Thus his Witneſſes proclaim,
Whoſo on his Name believes,
Whoſo ventures on the Lamb,
Life and Pardon too receives.

8 Thus with Power they contend,
Where the Wiſe, the Truth diſown,
Jeſus muſt be found our Friend,
Muſt by ev'ry Child be known.

9 Whoſo lives by Faith can tell
He's united now to GOD;
Jeſus in his Heart doth dwell,
Speaks in them the *ſprinkling Blood.*

10 This the Lord will have proclaim'd,
This obedient to his Mind,
They, tho' for it much blaſphem'd,
Publiſh bold to all Mankind.

11 *Chriſt*, the Biſhop, goes before,
Marks the Way, and gives them Room;

Makes

Makes for them an open Door,
Where he'd have the Goſpel come.

12 Now in foreign Strands afar
Shines the Teſtimony bright;
Alſo round the Countries near
Souls in Darkneſs ſee the Light.

13 Little Flocks together meet,
Little Houſholds of the *Lamb*,
Haſte to kiſs our *Saviour*'s Feet,
Sing *Hoſanna's* to his Name.

14 May our Father's Houſe be fill'd,
Great the Throng of Preachers be,
Thouſands ſing the *Holy Child*,
Loved me, and dy'd for me.

15 May ten Thouſands more believe,
Bringing Glory thus to GOD:
Take the Grace he waits to give,
Take his Wiſdom, Strength, and Blood.

16 Him we honour, ſinging thus,
Conqu'ring, and to conquer go,
Ride on, *Lord*, till to thy Croſs,
Nations, Tongues, and Kindreds flow.

HYMN LXXI.

CHRIST *is made unto us of God, Wiſdom, Righteouſneſs, Sanctification, and Redemption.*

1 MY *Lord*, my *God!*
Thy Wounds and Blood
My Refuge are
From Sin, the Law, and Fear:
Here have I Liberty
To pry;
What Angels fain
Wou'd ſound, I can;
And ſweetly ſee
Thy Blood was ſhed for me.

2 My Joy, my Peace,
My Righteouſneſs,
My Wiſdom too,
My Holineſs art thou;
Thou me redeem'ſt alone!
I own
No other mine:
No: I decline,
I hate, diſclaim,
And ſlight *all* but the LAMB.

3 Some, not awake,
Them *Saviours* make

Of

Of all their Frames,
And call by ſome new Names,
Their *filthy* Righteouſneſs;
Nor ceaſe
This to aſſert,
They muſt do Part,
Or not be ſav'd;
So have themſelves deceiv'd.

4 Such, ignorant
Of what they want,
In *Jeſu's* Place
Set up each Gift and Grace,
Nor live by Faith, but Senſe;
From whence
Come all their Fears,
Their Doubts and Cares:
When nought they feel
In Bondage ſore they dwell.

5 But I have found
The firmeſt Ground,
Whereon I reſt,
That is, my *Saviour's* Breaſt;
There by Faith I lean:
On Sin,
On Doubt, and Dread,
I glorious tread;
And live by Faith
In my Redeemer's Death.

6 Thus I poſſeſs
True Happineſs,

Becauſe I ſee
Upon *Mount Calvary*
My Lord and deareſt Friend
Did end
My Sin; and there
My Curſe he bare:
So bought my Peace,
And brought in Righteouſneſs.

7 This I believe;
And I receive
My Life, the *Lamb*,
Believing in his Name:
Nor yet for more I care,
But here
In Chriſt I ſee
My Liberty;
Nor farther roam,
For now I am at Home.

HYMN LXXII.

All thy Children ſhall be taught of the Lord, and great ſhall be the Peace of thy Children.

1 LOving *Saviour*, Prince of Peace,
Author of our Unity,
Making Wars and Jarrings ceaſe,
Cauſing Men, tho' Foes, t'agree,
Kindly rule in us;

Make

Make us happily go on,
Helping each to bear his Croſs,
Stedfaſt till our Work is done.

2 Let us, like a Flock of Sheep,
Cloſe together perſevere,
True by one another keep,
Each eſteeming very dear,
Altogether move:
Truly ſubject be the Whole,
Bound in Bands of trueſt Love,
One in Heart, and Mind, and Soul.

3 May we all one Faith maintain,
One ſole Doctrine witneſs too,
Chriſt the Lord our God was ſlain,
Slain for Us, and this is true:
He will ours abide;
He will our dear Portion be,
He who on *Mount Calv'ry* dy'd,
Jeſus, Jeſus, only He.

4 Strive we who ſhall love the moſt,
Who ſhall moſt in Faith excel,
Who can of the *Saviour* boaſt,
Who can moſt of *Jeſus* tell;
This employ us all:
Daily this contend we for,
Daily till the *Lamb* ſhall call,
Proſp'ring daily more and more.

5 Let us Hand in Hand proceed,
Little, loving Children be,

Dead to Sin, to all Things dead,
But alive, dear *Lamb*, to Thee;
So continue firm:
While beneath us thou wilt lay
Thy eternal out-ſtretch'd Arm,
Till we 'wake in endleſs Day.

HYMN LXXIII.

I ſat under his Shadow with great Delight, and his Fruit was ſweet to my Taſte.

1 BLood of *Jeſu*'s Wounds, how good
Sounds it in my Ears and Heart?
Nothing ſurely, like that Blood,
Can ſuch ſolid Bliſs impart;
O 'tis moſt divine!
Weary Sinners hither fly,
Laden with your crimſon Sin,
This blots out the dreadful Dye.

2 You who have the Law obey'd,
You a Righteouſneſs t' attain,
Earneſtly by Works aſſay'd,
But have found your Strife in vain,
Turn you to the Blood;
Thither look, and you no more
Shall lament an abſent God,
Nor you dreadful State deplore.

3 Whoſo

3 Whoſo after Reſt enquires,
Let him to the Blood approach:
Whoſo perfect Reſt deſires,
Jeſu's Blood affordeth ſuch;
Be perſuaded then:
Lift ye up your downcaſt Eyes,
See the *Saviour* bloody ſlain,
There thy Reſt, poor Sinner is.

4 Here may I take up my Place,
Here forever happy be,
Here wrap up my bluſhing Face,
Seeking nought beſide to ſee;
Here my Soul ſit down,
Feed upon the Blood and prove
What the *Lord* for thee has done,
Fathom (if thou can'ſt) his Love.

5 Let this thy Employment be
Still to gaze on *Jeſu*'s Blood;
Sit beneath the curſed Tree,
Look upon thy bleeding GOD!
Look and never tire;
Count his Scars, and tell each Wound,
Be this ever thy Deſire,
Jeſu's Blood's vaſt Depth to ſound.

HYMN LXXIV.

Make no long tarrying, O our God.

1 SAviour of the World attend,
Hearken to thy People's moan:
Art Thou not the Sinner's Friend?
Art Thou not their Friend alone?
Then thine Ear incline;
While they for Redemption cry,
Think upon that Word of thine,
Your Redemption draweth nigh.

2 Hear'ſt Thou not the many Pray'rs,
Offer'd by thy Church with Thee?
See'ſt Thou not the Thouſand Tears,
Pour'd before thy Majeſty?
Mark'ſt Thou not the Groans?
Mind'ſt Thou not the Earnings great
Of thy ranſom'd little ones,
Proſtrate round thy Mercy-Seat?

3 Is it nothing, *Lord*, to Thee,
That ſo many Years they've cry'd?
Muſt their Suit unanſwer'd be,
Shall their Pray'r be ſtill deny'd?
For thy Mercies Sake,
Turn Thou the Captivity,
Bring the baniſh'd Brethren back,
Lord, unite them all to Thee.

4 Be the Captive Exile loos'd,
Lord, the Jubilee proclaim!
All who Liberty refus'd,
Let them call upon thy Name;
Whoſo calls on Thee,
Shall Deliv'rance gladly prove,
Shall thy Spoil, dear *Jeſus* be,
Monuments that Thou art *Love*.

5 Let thy Blood's ſo boundleſs Pow'r,
Wide as the Creation reach;
Sweetly loud from Shore to Shore,
Thy eternal Mercy preach;
Let the ranſom'd Seed
Hear, and to thy Temple flow,
All for whom Thou deign'dſt to bleed,
Let them thy Salvation know.

6 Liſt thy Enſign very high,
Let thy bloody Croſs be ſeen,
Let thy ſcarlet Banners fly
Glorious in the Sight of Men;
Sound the Angel loud,
Now begins the Jubilee!
Now Salvation comes from God!
All together it ſhall ſee!

HYMN LXXV.

Let us come before his Preſence with Thankſgiving.

1 LET the Church our *Saviour* bleſs
For his great Salvation;
Sing of him, your Righteouſneſs,
Favour'd Congregation.

2 Be ye thankful at his Feet,
Who to ſave us died;
Who by Pains and Labours great
Hath us juſtified.

3 Bring the Elders, and the Choirs
Of the younger People;
Call him, who the *Lamb* deſires,
Every weak Diſciple.

4 Let them at his Feet ſit down,
Very thankful bringing
Hymns of Honour to the *Son*,
Such in Concert ſinging.

5 Worthy only is our GOD,
Whom we love ſincerly:
Worthy he, for by his Blood
He redeem'd us dearly.

6 All his Churches worſhip him,
Saying, live forever; O thou

O thou *Lamb*, our fav'rite Theme,
Deareſt, conſtant *Saviour*.

7 Down before thy Feet we bow,
Daily this confeſſing,
Thou didſt ſave us, only thou,
Thine be Thanks and Bleſſing.

HYMN LXXVI

Lord, I believe, help thou my Unbelief.

1 *FIrmly I in Thee believe,*
Father, God Almighty;
Thou the Worlds didſt Being give,
Form'd were all Things be Thee.

2 *So thy only Son our Lord,*
Jeſus Chriſt the Saviour,
I believe is God ador'd
By the Church forever.

3 *He was by the Holy Ghoſt*
For us Men conceived:
And, that he might ſave the Loſt,
Here a Servant lived.

4 *God was made a Man like me!*
All the Angels yonder
View in Fleſh the Deity,
Bow and bluſh and wonder.

5 *Him the Virgin* Mary *bore,*
In the World a Stranger,
Whom his Mother, very poor,
Wrapp'd up in a Manger.

6 *Under* Pontius Pilate's *Reign,*
He was crucified;
Thus he Righteouſneſs brought in,
That for which he died.

7 Scarce did *Jeſus* dead appear,
But him down they hurried,
And in *Joſeph*'s Sepulchre
Our dead Lamb they buried.

8 *He deſcended into Hell;*
All the impriſon'd Spirits
Saw him glorioufly prevail,
Boundleſs ſaw his Merits.

9 Then (as when alive he ſaid)
He the third Day raiſed
His own Body from the Dead,
All the Guards amazed.

10 Forty Days his Friends him view'd,
Then he up aſcended,
Into Heav'n he joyful rode
By vaſt Hoſts attended,

11 *At his Father's Right-Hand now*
Sits the Lord's anointed,
Waiting till the Trumpets blow,
On the Day appointed!

12 *Thence*

12 *Thence in Majeſty array'd,*
Shall he, long deſired,
Come to judge the Quick and Dead:
By his Saints admired.

13 Thouſands ſhall before him ſhine!
All their Trumpets ſounding!
Then be ſeen his bloody *Sign!*
Myriads him ſurrounding!

14 All the white-rob'd Throng aloud,
Shouting the *Deliv'rer!*
Saying, lo! He comes on Clouds!
Nations ſee the *Saviour*;

15 *I believe one Holy Ghoſt,*
From the Lord proceeding,
Comforter of Sinners loſt,
Thro' the *Lamb*'s Blood-ſhedding.

16 *I believe one Church and Bride,*
Catholick and holy,
Where the choſen Sheep reſide,
Where he's worſhipp'd ſolely.

17 *So I hold the Saints of God,*
Have one pure Communion;
Join'd to *Jeſus*, whoſe rich Blood
Is their Bond of Union.

18 *Alſo I believe the Lamb*
Hath my Sin forgiven;
His abſoved Child I am,
Sure to go to Heaven.

19 *Alſo I expect the Dead*
Shall again be raiſed;
I ſhall then like Chriſt be made
Glorious, holy, bleſſed.

20 *After this, the Life to come,*
I believe forever;
Wherein I ſhall find my Home
With the *Lamb* my *Saviour*.

21 All this ſtedfaſt I believe,
O my *Lord, JEHOVAH:*
To this Faith thy Witneſs give,
Amen, Hallelujah!

HYMN LXXVII.

Hearken to me, ye that follow after Righteouſneſs.

1 I Love thy Name,
Thou holy *Lamb*,
Who on the Tree
Didſt bleed and die for me,
And ſo the Robe I wear,
Bought'ſt dear;
For which my Knee
I bow to Thee,
And tell Abroad
How kind thou art and good.

2 The glad Report
(Of ev'ry Sort)
May Thouſands hear,
And unto Thee repair:
Thou wilt refuſe none Room
Who come,
But open wide
Thine Arms and Side,
And take them in,
Tho' deeply ſtain'd with Sin.

3 Thy ev'ry Wound,
With Depth profound!
Thy little Church
Is favour'd ſtill to ſearch,
Wherein ſhe Room deſcries,
And flies
With all her Care,
And throws in there
Her Sin and Woe;
Bids others do ſo too.

4 In ev'ry Place
Her Seed have Peace:
In Baniſhment
They learn to be content,
Becauſe they ſurely prove
His Love,
And know he's pleas'd
When they are eas'd:
So caſt their Care
On him, who will it bear.

5 This when oppreſs'd
I do, and Reſt
I find as ſoon
As I the Thing have done;
All then is well and calm;
The *Lamb*
Makes me ſit down,
And thankful own,
He all atchieves
For him who but believes.

6 Some ſpend in vain
Their Strength and Pain,
In ſeeking what
The *Lamb* ſo dearly bought;
And while they ſeek, they miſs
The Bliſs,
Becauſe they ſtrive,
And don't believe:
By Works, not Faith,
They tire themſelves to Death.

7 But truly Wiſe
Their Works deſpiſe,
And all beſide
But this, *Our Saviour dy'd*:
This they look at, and mind,
And find
The Righteouſneſs,
The Joy, and Peace:
They happy then
Sit down, nor ſeek in vain.

HYMN LXXVIII.

Wait for the Promise of the Father.

1 GReat *Head* of that Train,
For which Thou wast slain,
Meet now with a few,
Who know Thee a little, but farther would know.

2 We pray Thee, dear LORD,
Thy Presence afford
To Sinners the Worst;
Without Thee unhappy, undone, and accurs'd.

3 But poor as we are,
We're Part of thy Care;
And surely belong [Throng.
To Thee, thou good *Lamb*, and thy favourite

4 Then on us bestow
A Blessing, and shew
Thy Hands and thy Feet
To us, thy poor Children, who now for it meet.

5 Come stand in the Midst,
As lately Thou didst,
When thy dear Elev'n
Were waiting like us, and pronounce us forgiv'n:

6 *All hail, my Lambs*, say,
And we'll go away,

Most happy and glad,
So blessed a Meeting thy Children have had.

7 Let what Thou hast done
Before us be shewn;
This take up our Thoughts,
And let thy Blood, *Jesus*, hide ever our Faults.

HYMN LXXIX.

If ye being evil, know how to give good Gifts unto your Children, how much more shall not your heavenly Father give his Holy Spirit to them that ask him.

1 LORD *Jesus* most mild,
Who once wast a Child,
Thy little ones see,
Who newly are born, and are crying for Thee.

2 But Babes are we all,
And subject to fall,
To wander and stray,
We therefore beseech Thee preserve us To-day.

3 The Milk of thy Word
Most gracious afford;
This mingle with Blood,
That Wine ever new, and let this be our Food.

4 Our Cov'ring all o'er
Be what thyself wore;

And

And with us abide;
We nothing, dear *Saviour*, require beside.

HYMN LXXX.

And almoſt all Things are by the Law purged with Blood, and without Shedding of Blood is no Remiſſion.

1 O Dear *Immanuel*, fooliſh Men,
Becauſe they know Thee not,
Think very little of thy Pain,
And what thy Blood hath bought.

2 But ſure I never can forget
Thou didſt that Guilt endure,
Which elſe (e'er now) in Torments great
Had ſunk me evermore.

3 Thy Blood, when thy dear Feet were bor'd,
Did ſpeak my Pardon loud;
Did waſh me, O my loving *Lord*,
And heal'd me in its Flood.

4 Thy Cries ſo ſtrong, and many Tears
So plentifully ſhed,
I ſtill remember, and the Pray'rs
Which Thou for me haſt pray'd.

5 Thy Wounds, thy Blood, ſtill on my Heart
Like beſt of Ointments are:

Like Myrrh and Frankincenſe, thy Smart,
Or Spices brought from far.

6 The very Mention of thy Name
My fainting Spirit chears:
To all my Wounds 'tis goodly Balm,
It quite expels my Fears.

7 I love thy Scriptures fill'd ſo full
Of thy moſt precious Blood;
Thy Name, and Travail of thy Soul,
My deareſt *Lord* and *God*.

8 Nor can I like that Work, or Word,
That Doctrine, Book, or Theme,
That takes no Notice of my *Lord*,
Or leaves out his dear Name.

9 As in a Figure Blood did once
Make all Things pure and good,
So now will I that Thing renounce
Not ſprinkled by the Blood.

10 Nor will I call that ſav'ry hence,
Not ſalted with the ſame:
Nor praiſe the higheſt Eloquence,
Whoſe Subject's not the *Lamb*.

11 Thy Blood ſhall be my Salt, my *Lord*,
Shall ſprinkle all my Good;
Shall hallow ev'ry Thought, and Word,
All ſhall be purg'd with Blood.

12 Forgive me if I e'er am pleas'd
With ought not thus made pure,

Or

Or if I ought beſide have prais'd,
And let me Sin no more.

HYMN LXXXI.

And they went forth, and preached every where.

1 O Church eſteem'd,
And dear redeem'd
By *Jeſu's* Death,
Who gave thee living Faith;
I ſee with Wonder great
The Sweat,
The Pains and Blood
He hath beſtow'd
On thee, his Bride!
For whom he meekly dy'd.

2 I ſtand amaz'd,
Aſham'd, abas'd,
To think I'm one
He ſet his Heart upon:
I bluſh with deepeſt Shame,
Dear *Lamb*,
When I behold
Me in that Fold,
Bought by thy Smart,
And laid ſo near thy Heart.

3 All round me ſtand
(With Hand in Hand)

My Brethren dear,
My Sisters brought from far,
The loving Family,
Whom He,
The *Lamb* has lov'd,
And call'd, and mov'd,
To love him too,
His Witnesses below.

4 Nor Storms, nor Winds,
Nor Men, nor Fiends,
Nor swelling Seas,
Can check, or frighten these,
From trav'lling far, to call
E'en all
Who love his Name,
Or want the Lamb:
Whom when they see,
They tell his Mystery.

5 With Life in Hand,
From Land to Land,
For *Jesu*'s Sake,
They painful Journeys take;
So they a Soul may win
From Sin,
And from Distress
To Happiness:
And when they've done,
Give *Christ* the Praise alone.

6 Nor spare they Pains,
But try all Means

To

To bring back ſome
To *Jeſus Chriſt* their Home:
To all, the *Jew* and *Greek*,
They ſpeak
Of Him alone,
Whoſe Griefs atone
For fallen Man:
They ſay, *This Lamb was ſlain.*

7 His precious Blood,
So rich, ſo good,
When they it ſhew,
Speaks Peace, and Mercy too,
In every Heart ſincere,
Who hear
The ſimple Word,
Of *Chriſt* our *Lord*,
And ſo believe:
The Record ſuch receive.

8 The Brethren know
This Truth, and go
Both far and near,
And very glad declare
The Doctrine of the Lamb,
And Name;
Nor think it much
To bear Reproach,
Or parted be
From their dear Company.

9 They mind the Woe
The *Lamb* went thro'

To ranſom them,
And his dear Church redeem:
So like our *Saviour* they
Obey,
And all Things leave,
A Soul to ſave:
This loves our *Lord*,
And he will them reward.

10 The Heathen Race
They tell the Grace,
The Death, and Blood,
Of our dear Maſter, GOD;
Who glad the World receive,
And live
The Life of Faith,
And 'ſcape the Wrath
Of *God, the Lamb*,
Who bore himſelf their Blame.

11 Much Grief they bear,
And ev'ry where
They find this true,
You Trouble here ſhall know;
But they have in him Peace,
And bleſs
His Name, who ſaid,
Your Lord and Head
Will be with you
Till Ends the World below.

12 Often in Pain,
Thro' wicked Men,

Thro' Hell, or Sin,
Or ſomewhat wrong within;
Oft with Temptations try'd,
They 'bide
At *Jeſu's* Feet,
With Sorrow great;
Beſide the Care
Of Churches ev'ry where,

13 But ſtill they prove
Our *Saviour's* Love,
His Patience too
Brings them all ſafely thro';
And this their Comfort is,
They're His:
So they endure,
As being ſure
Nothing can part
Them from his loving Heart.

14 Nor this alone,
They know each one
Who know his Love,
Shall ſurely meet above,
From ev'ry Land and Tongue;
E'er long
They all ſhall hear
The Trump declare
The Sabbath-Day!
When Grief ſhall flee away.

15 This Time the *Son*
Will haſten on;

Which

Which makes us wait
At his dear wounded Feet,
With inward Joy, and Hope,
Till up
He riſes bright!
With Flames of Light!
And comes to ſhew
His Pow'r to Souls below.

16 Then we his Bride,
Cloſe by his Side,
Shall in the Air
With *Jeſus Chriſt* appear!
In regal Glory ſhine!
Divine,
In Righteouſneſs,
Our Huſband's Dreſs;
And favour'd be
To ſhare his Majeſty.

17 Then unto us,
From ev'ry Croſs
Brought ſafe to Heav'n,
Shall Judgment Thrones be giv'n;
And Angels we ſhall try:
Then high
With *Jeſus* riſe!
Beyond the Skies,
And ever be
With all the Family!

HYMN LXXXII.

The Lord is my Shepherd, I ſhall not want.

1 THE *Lord*, my Shepherd, He
So careful is of me,
That I ſhall lack no more,
Or mourn that I'm ſo poor;
No; now I quiet am,
I'm rich, I have the *Lamb*.

2 In Paſtures ever green,
The ſpotleſs *Nazarene*,
His Child ſhall gently lead,
And I ſhall freely feed
On Meat indeed, and Wine
Drain'd from himſelf the Vine.

3 By Rivers ſtill, and deep,
Shall I my Vigils keep;
His Word my Staff ſhall be,
When bow'd with Miſery:
When weary, I may reſt
On my dear Shepherd's Breaſt.

4 In Heat the Croſs is made
For all the Sheep a Shade:
There under get they all,
More ſafe than in a Stall;
No Thief, or Robber there,
May any Time appear.

5 Salvation as a Bound
Environs us around:
This keeps the Fold ſecure,
The *Lamb* ſtays at the Door,
That no diſturbing Sin
May ever enter in.

6 Before the Sheep-fold's Gate
I often ſee him wait;
His Enſign in his Hand,
His Fleece with Crimſon ſtain'd:
Thus tenderly defends
The Shepherd all his Friends.

7 When in this Poſture I
The *Lamb of God* deſcry,
I fall on both my Knees
And my Beloved praiſe,
Who keeps me ſafe, and ſure,
Nor do I care for more.

8 I truſt me to his Care,
And bid farewel to Fear;
Becauſe I this believe,
I can no Harm receive,
But out of Danger am,
Protected by the *Lamb*.

HYMN LXXXIII.

Ye were as Sheep going aſtray, but are now returned to the Shepherd and Biſhop of your Souls.

1 POOR Sinners indeed,
We come to our Head:
As wand'ring a Troop
As ever have wander'd, and yet have got Hope.

2 We no more deſire
To offer ſtrange Fire,
Or ſet up again
That Idol, our Wiſdom, which hath the *Lamb* [ſlain:

3 No, *Lord*, we diſclaim
All Helps but thy Name:
Our Error we ſee,
How fond of our Goodneſs, how ſlighting of [Thee.

4 Like Sheep we have ſtray'd,
Have in the *Lamb*'s Stead
Our Righteouſneſs nam'd;
But now we're convinc'd, and are ſorely aſham'd.

5 On this our beſt Friend
Alone we depend;
Each Staff throw aſide,
And ev'ry Foundation, but him that hath dy'd.

6 We know when we lean
On others, we ſin:
Tho' on our beſt Frame, [*Lamb.*
Our Gifts, Grace, or Virtues, we grieve our dear

7 Our Habits, and Good,
We leave, and the Blood
We only behold,
Which bought us, when we to the *Devil* were ſold.

8 We all diſregard
But *Chriſt* our Reward:
And nothing eſteem
But *Jeſus* the Martyr, and much we love Him.

9 If ſweet be our Frame,
We thank his dear Name;
If bitter, we pray,
And *Jeſus* ſo loves us, he takes it away.

10 Or if it remain,
And we are in Pain,
We chearfully bear,
And thank our kind *Saviour*, who ſuffers it there.

11 Our Wills we give up,
And drink the dread Cup;
Becauſe this we ſee,
What's good for us, *Jeſus* knows better than we.

12 Thus happy and well,
Believing, we dwell
So near the *Lamb*'s Heart, [Smart.
That while we are with him, we mind not our

13 We

13 We often, bow'd down,
Draw near to his Throne;
He ſees us approach,
And frees us directly; his Goodneſs is ſuch.

14 We ſcarce ſee our Wants,
Much leſs make Complaints,
But we are redeem'd;
Then well may our *Saviour* be ſo much eſteem'd.

15 Yea we of our Head,
(As *David* once ſaid
Of *Goliah*'s Sword)
Can ſay, *There's none like him*, ſo loving a *Lord*.

HYMN LXXXIV.

Thou art a Prieſt for ever after the Order of Melchiſedech.

1 THOU dear *Redeemer*, dying *Lamb*,
I love to hear of Thee:
No Muſick like thy charming Name,
Is half ſo ſweet to me:
O let me ever hear thy Voice,
In Mercy to me ſpeak;
And in my Prieſt will I rejoice,
My great *Melchiſedech*.

2 My *Jeſus* ſhall be ſtill my Theme,
While in this World I ſtay;

I'll sing my *Jesu's* lovely Name,
When all Things else decay,
When I appear in yonder's Cloud
With all his favour'd Throng;
Then will I sing more sweet, more loud,
And *Christ* shall be my Song.

HYMN LXXXV.

I will go out in the Strength of the Lord, and make mention of thy Righteousness, and of thine only.

1 OF *Christ* our Righteousness we sing,
To him our hearty Blessings bring:
To him we Honour give alone,
And chaunt his Name around the Throne.

2 On all besides his precious Blood,
On all besides the *Son of God*,
We trample boldly, and disclaim
All other *Saviours* but the *Lamb*.

3 The Idol of *Self-Righteousness*
We now disown, and now confess,
No Righteousness but his who dy'd
By Faith to all his Seed apply'd.

4 To *Jesus* evermore we sing,
Our crucify'd, exalted King;
And nought we mention hence or own
But *Jesu's* Righteousness alone.

HYMN

HYMN LXXXVI.

I will go and return to my first Husband, for then it was better with me than now.

1 HOW treach'rously do all behave?
How am I scorn'd by all around?
How do my Lovers turn and leave
Me poor and bare? by all disown'd;
Thus have I us'd and treated rude
The *Husband of my Youth*, and *God*.

2 How pleasant were the Days when I
In truest Union walk'd with him?
How did I live in Liberty
When He was still my pleasing Theme?
He made me on his Bosom rest,
And me with countless Favours blest.

3 But ah, how have I gone astray
Since these delightful Times I knew?
My former Faith I've cast away,
And my first Love and Promise too:
And now am naked, stripp'd, and poor,
Asham'd, a Stranger, lov'd no more.

4 What shall I do, since all despise
My Mis'ry, and forsaken State?

Shall I ſit down and vent my Cries,
An Object of Reproach and Hate?
No;—I'll go home again forlorn,
To my firſt Huſband I'll return.

5 But can my *Saviour* e'er again
Receive ſo treacherous a Wife?
Can I, who coſt him ſo much Pain
And griev'd him ſorely all my Life,
Believe he yet can me forgive?
Or me his faithleſs Spouſe receive?

6 No ſurely, if I weigh my Sin,
My aggravating Crimes and Deeds;
Or turn mine Eyes, and look within,
Where Conſcience loud againſt me pleads,
I cannot hope—but when I know
My Lord's the ſame, I hopeful go.

7 I own, dear *Lamb of God*, I own
I other Lovers have purſu'd,
I very treach'rouſly have done;
And have not well eſteem'd thy Blood:
I have my Heart, thy Bed, defil'd;
But pray forgive thy wand'ring Child!

8 Thou wilt forgive, I know thou wilt,
Yet cannot I myſelf forgive:
I think upon my Sin and Guilt,
And bow my Head, and bluſh and grieve:
Like *Mary*'s Tears ſo mine ſhall flow
On thy dear Feet, while thus I bow.

9 My

9 My *Husband*, my dear *Husband*, I
In deepest Shame and Bashfulness,
In the profoundest Poverty,
Thy Grace and Tenderness confess:
Hadst Thou but chang'd consum'd I'd been,
And lost forever in my Sin.

10 Lest I forget Thee yet, and rove,
O bind me faster to thine Arm;
Hence from the Cross ne'er let me move,
But at thy Feet, Lord, bind me firm;
And in thy Wounds my Dwelling make,
Till in thy Likeness I awake.

HYMN LXXVII.

THE WORD WAS MADE FLESH, *and dwelt among us, and we beheld his Glory.*

1 NOW that I have found,
Which no Man can sound,
That Fountain of Bliss,
That Well of Salvation, that *Pearl of great Price.*

2 His Glory I view,
And sink very low,
When him I behold
On *Golgotha* dying, to save his lov'd Fold!

3 I ſee on the Wood,
Abas'd, in his Blood,
Whom Angels adore,
All mangled and ſprinkled with Tears and with [Gore!

4 My GOD I eſpy
Submitting to die;
And lo! 'tis for me
He languiſhes yonder upon the curs'd Tree.

4 With Rev'rence profound
I fall on the Ground,
And kiſs him afreſh,
And own, to redeem me the WORD WAS MADE [FLESH.

6 O GOD, what am I?
What didſt Thou eſpy
In me ſinful Duſt,
That Thou ſo wert humbled to ſave me when loſt?

7 Nought elſe could'ſt Thou ſee
But Folly in me,
Thy Love brought Thee down,
For me thy great Mercy thee drew from thy [Throne.

8 For this yet again
I bow to the Man,
The Lamb, my dear God,
Who in our frail Nature once made his Abode.

9 Amaz'd I confeſs
The Myſt'ry, and bleſs
My Saviour, and ſay
My Sins thou didſt (dying) waſh wholly away.

10 Before Thee, dear Lamb,
With deep and true Shame,
Myſelf I abhor,
And thankfully Jeſus my Saviour adore.

HYMN LXXXVIII.

Being found in Faſhion as a Man, he humbled himſelf, and became obedient unto Death, even the Death of the Croſs.

1 WHAT Mercy hath the Saviour ſhew'd,
In that he who was very God,
Th' eternal Father's Brightneſs,
Came down from Heav'n, and was a Man,
Afflicted with my Grief and Pain,
And in a Servant's Likeneſs:
For me
Did he
Toil and Travail;
All my Evil,
Ev'ry Burden
Bore the Saviour in the Garden.

2 When he before the Ruler ſtood,
Derided by the Multitude,
Bound, and with Scourges beaten,
He guiltleſs was for me condemn'd,
The whole Aſſembly him blaſphem'd,
Yet no one did he threaten.

He knew
The Woe
On him poured,
I incurred;
So he tender
Bore the Punishment and Slander.

3 When from the Judgment-Seat he went,
Condemn'd to have the Chastisement,
Which was my just Demerit;
My num'rous Sins he patient bore,
When *Roman* Whips his Body tore,
And Guilt oppress'd his Spirit;
In red
They made
Him do Penance;
Then his Sentence
They fulfilled,
And the Lamb, my Master, killed.

4 His royal Head with Thorns they crown'd,
His harmless Hands with Fetters bound,
And then thro' Crowds of People,
The Lamb without the Gates they led,
Bearing upon his guiltless Head
The Sins of each Disciple;
Content
He went,
Bow'd and heavy,
Very weary;
So he valued,
And to Death to win me followed.

5 To *Calv'ry*'s Hill he bore my Load,
And there the Lamb, my Lord and God,
When he came thither nailed
My Sins, and mine Iniquity,
With his own Body to the Tree.
And there my Pardon ſealed;
My Lord,
Ador'd
Be thou ever:
Only Saviour,
God Almighty,
Full of Mercy, Love, and Pity.

6 Thou *great Atonement*, GOD MADE MAN!
Who condeſcended to be ſlain,
In Servants Form and meaner;
Who thy own ſelf, thyſelf alone,
Didſt bear my Offences ev'ry one,
And dy'dſt for me, a Sinner;
Didſt bleed
Till dead,
Hence be given
Thanks in Heaven,
Pow'r and Bleſſing,
And within me never ceaſing.

HYMN LXXXIX.

In whom are hid all the Treaſures of Wiſdom and Knowledge; and ye are compleat in him.

1 WHAT find Men when they him believe
Who is the Sinner's Friend and God?
They ev'ry perfect Gift receive,
And Eaſe from ev'ry ſinful Load:
They find the Lamb of God, in whom
They have this World, and that to come.

2 As in the Ark, the Type of him,
Perfection under Goat-Skins dwelt,
So he who did the World redeem
When in his Children known and felt
Beneath the Cov'ring of his Fleſh,
Exceeds in Fulneſs ev'ry Wiſh.

3 Him as a Box, by Faith we ſee,
With Gems and princely Raiment fill'd;
Whoe'er receives him, preſently
Becomes his truly perfect Child;
He cannot want what is not there,
Unleſs he wants Harm, Loſs, or Fear.

4 There Righteouſneſs and Wiſdom lies
Th' unſpotted Robe of Holineſs;

Strength

Strength, Life, and Food that ſatisfies,
Light, Health, and Beauty, Joy, and Peace:
A full Receipt from Men, from God,
From All to whom we ought have ow'd.

5 There is our Paſſport clearly ſign'd,
Thro' which we journey ſafely on;
Nor Threats from Men, or Devils mind,
Here alſo is the new *White Stone*,
The *Mark*, the *Name*, the *golden Clue*,
By which the World we travel thro'.

6 Some who have found the Lord, our Ark,
But ignorant of the Store within;
Want much, and toil, and ſtrive, and work,
And ſtill are Slaves to Fear and Sin;
Within himſelf each fooliſh looks,
For Things found only in the Box.

7 This Gift, Grace, Frame, and Quality,
Clean Things in an unclean they ſeek,
Search their own Heart for Sanctity,
Till brought in Bondage poor and weak:
Then to the Ark, diſtreſs'd repair,
And find whate'er they wanted there.

8 My Soul thus oft hath been deceiv'd,
Oft have I ſpent my Strength in vain;
And ſince in JESUS I believ'd,
I oft have this Way giv'n him Pain;
Have ſought my Help in Things beſide
Chriſt Jeſus, and Him crucify'd.

9 My

9 My ſole Employment hence ſhall be
To ſound the Fulneſs of the Lamb!
To pry into the Myſtery,
And clearer ſee that his I am:
I'll make me happy thus, and call
The ſlaughter'd *Jeſus* All in All.

10 I'll put on me his Righteouſneſs,
I'll feed upon his Fleſh and Blood;
His Holineſs my Soul ſhall dreſs,
In him I'll live and walk with GOD;
All other Things will I diſclaim,
And ſeek no other but the Lamb.

HYMN XC.

The Lord hath ſent Redemption unto his People.

1 AS an Army terrible,
By our Saviour brought from Hell,
Forth to ſing his Praiſe we go,
Join O Brethren all below.

2 We can ſing, for we have known
What for us the Lamb hath done:
Louder we than any ought
Jeſus and his Grace to ſhout.

3 We were Enemies and vile,
When the Lord took us his Spoil;

Fought

Fought he with us long in Love,
Long againſt his Pow'r we ſtrove.

4 Now we own him Conqueror,
We are now at War no more;
Safe in Him, and happy we
Wait his Father's Houſe to ſee.

5 Still till he his Wars compleat
Sit we praying at his Feet,
Saying, *Quickly Jeſus come,*
Quickly Death and Hell conſume.

6 Bring thou back the Captives who
Now are Servants to thy Foe,
Let them ſing, as we To-day,
Chriſt hath took our Sins away.

HYMN XCI.

The Redeemed of the Lord ſhall return, and come with ſinging to Sion, *and everlaſting Joy ſhall be upon their Heads.*

1 WE ranſom'd of the Lord return
To join the Church of God's Firſt-born;
'Tis meet we ſing to *Jeſus* thus,
He loved us
He loved us } and dy'd for us.

2 With

2 With everlasting Gladness crown'd,
We, for whose Sin the Lamb aton'd,
Will sing before the Throne of God;
He washed us } in his own Blood.
He washed us }

3 This, this shall be our pleasing Song
Thro' endless Ages all along;
Christ's Blood and Name shall be our Theme,
Who made us Kings } and Priests to Him.
Who made us Kings }

4 Below we'll imitate the Voice,
The holy, the melodious Noise,
Of Angels Harps, and Seraph's Lays,
And none but *Christ* } shall have our Praise.
And none but *Christ* }

5 Salvation be to God the Lamb,
The Holy Spirit, One, the same;
Thy Name like Heav'n's bright Host we bless,
O King of Kings } our Righteousness.
O King of Kings }

HYMN XCII.

They confess'd that they were Strangers and Pilgrims on the Earth.

1 WAyfaring Men and Sojourners
Are we who seek the heav'nly Spheres,
Nor do we here belong:

Our

Our certain Dwelling-Place is where
The Lamb's triumphant Hosts appear,
His dear redeemed Throng.

2 Forget not this while thus ye sit
To rest you at our Saviour's Feet,
Ye Family of God;
But leaning on your Staves as do
Poor Trav'llers who their Home pursue
When weary on their Road.

3 Our Meetings here is not the Rest
Remaining for us, but a Taste;
Yet Friends a little while,
A few days Journey more and we
Shall Jesus and his Sabbath see,
And cease from all our Toil.

4 Dry up your Tears, ye weeping Host,
For yonder see is *Salem*'s Coast,
There waits the happy Troop;
The Army of our Brethren there,
Join earnest in our feeble Pray'r,
Lord fill thy Number up.

5 'Tis but to stay a few more Days
Ere we shall join their perfect Praise,
And like them Christ adore:
Not in a Tabernacle then,
Nor in a City built by Men,
But Heav'n for evermore.

6 Go on in Peace ye little Flock,
Before us moves the Lord our Rock,
Of which the *Hebrews* drank;

Nor

Nor did they tire in all their Road,
So ſtrength'ning was the myſtic Flood;
Drink Friends, and *Jeſus* thank.

7 Drink, and ye ſhall your Strength renew;
The Lamb prepares this Stream for you,
Draw near ye thirſty poor!
O Fellow-Pilgrims, drink and ſing
The Virtues of this ſacred Spring,
And God the Rock adore.

HYMN CXIII.

Happy are the People who are in ſuch a Caſe, yea bleſſed are the People whoſe God is the Lord.

1 HOW happy are the Men who know
The Lamb, and walk with him below?
How happy they who calmly bear
All Griefs and Perſecutions here?
And fix their ſteady Minds on Him,
Who them did from the World redeem,

2 They truſt the Lord, whoſe vocal Blood
Saith, *All Things work together good*;
Nor murmur they when croſs'd, or wrong'd,
When like to die, when Life's prolong'd;
But quiet under all go on,
And ſing, *Thy Will, my God, be done.*

3 In theſe our Saviour dwells, and is
Their Strength, and Righteouſneſs, and Bliſs;
The Dove ſpreads here prolific Wings,
And here the peaceful Olive brings:
In Hearts like theſe, the Father God
Is pleas'd to 'ſtabliſh his Abode.

4 The Fear of Death is far remov'd,
While Jeſus whiſpers, *My Belov'd*;
And cancels Sin, then Death each views,
As Serpents, when their Sting they loſe:
Nor Nakedneſs, nor Want, nor Sword,
Can part them from a tender Lord.

5 If they poſſeſs a joyous Frame,
'Tis well, they thank the Saviour's Name;
If they are heavy, low they ſit
And wait reſign'd at Jeſu's Feet;
A Peace ſurpaſſing human Thought
They ſtill enjoy, which leaves them not.

6 Often I taſte this Liberty,
And O my God, get near to Thee:
I foretaſte Heav'n, and long to feel
This Happineſs abide me ſtill;
Or leave the fooliſh World and prove
The Fulneſs of thy Bliſs above.

HYMN XCIV.

Neither is God in all their Thoughts.

1 ABout me oft I hear Men ſing
Some mighty Hero's Fame,
Or Vict'ry of ſome foreign King,
But never JESU's Name.

2 In ev'ry Place and Houſe they praiſe
The Things they moſt admire;
Some Female's Beauty, Dreſs, or Ways,
Set all their Souls on Fire.

3 Another ſings, how happy's he,
O'er Bowls of ſparkling Wine;
And join'd with merry Company,
Who bleſs the fruitful Vine.

4 Yet Chriſt, the moſt renown'd and good,
Is very rarely ſung;
Men ſeldom make the Saviour's Blood,
The Muſic of their Tongue.

5 But did they know his Worth like me,
Nought but his righteous Praiſe
Should fill their Lips, his Blood would be
The Theme of all their Lays.

6 O mighty Hero, glorious King,
More than ten Thouſand fair;

Thy

Thy Grace let me forever ſing,
The while I tarry here.

HYMN XCV.

In Journeying often.

1 SOON in the Chariot of a Cloud,
By flaming Angels borne,
Shall I ride up the milky Road,
And back to GOD return.

2 Theſe Journeys ſoon ſhall have an End,
And Heats and Colds ſhall ceaſe:
When I to mine own Home aſcend,
My everlaſting Place.

3 Go on, my Soul, for ev'ry Step,
And ev'ry fleeting Hour,
Thee forwards, where the Saviour's Sheep
Sit down to ſtray no more.

4 The Saints await thee now, and long
To have thee ſafe with them;
To join the ſweet harmonious Song,
Of *Moſes* and the LAMB.

HYMN XCVI.

This is the New-Teſtament.

1. THE Name of Chriſt, how ſweet it ſounds!
How ſweet the mention of his Wounds!
How good, how excellently good
Is the bare Name of *Jeſu's Blood*?

2. What makes it ſo to me is this:
All that is Chriſt's my Portion is;
I'm his and all I e'er ſhall be,
And all he has is made to me.

3. O what a great Eſtate have I,
A Heav'n to all Eternity!
I'm rich, the Lamb hath made me ſo,
Nor wou'd I greater Riches know.

4. O Law, I dread thy Threats no more,
Our Saviour yonder paid my Score:
His Blood I know hath blotted all
The Hand againſt me on the Wall.

5. The Promiſes I glad look o'er,
And thankfully the Lamb adore;
For when he dy'd he made his Will,
And theſe his Legacies reveal.

6. His new eternal Teſtament
I read, and much ſweet Time is ſpent.

In

In ſearching ev'ry Verſe and Line,
How much by *Jeſu's* Will is mine.

7 What did my Saviour at his Death
To me, unworthy me, bequeath?
All that he had, his Merits, Blood,
He left me when he went to God.

8 My dear Teſtator muſt I bleſs,
And wearing his pure Righteouſneſs,
He dy'd and left me this I'll tell,
Or I had naked went to Hell.

9 Men ſhall not be deceiv'd, for I
Will loud declare how I came by
My fine Array, my Purity,
I'll ſay, our Saviour left it me,

10 O Jeſus, but unlooſe my Tongue,
And Grace ſhall be my ceaſeleſs Song;
I'll ſing how black, how vile I am,
How fair and comely in the Lamb.

11 I'll ſing how poor I lately was,
How ſad I ſat beneath the Croſs;
Till I by Faith beheld thee die,
And now how rich, how glad am I.

HYMN XCVII.

O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself, but in me is thine Help.

1 WHEN I'm in Bondage, then I see
How rightly this is charg'd on me,
Thou hast thyself destroy'd;
So when my Saviour's Love I view,
And Freedom have, I see 'tis true
Thy Help is in thy God.

2 In ev'ry Change of Mind and Frame
I dare not Thee, my Master, blame,
I know myself's in Fault;
Thou art the same, tho' I decay,
And change and turn ten Times a Day;
I know thou changest not.

3 A Saviour always Thee I prove,
Forever full of Grace and Love,
Whene'er my Sin I see;
Tho' I myself in Darkness lead,
And fill my Soul with Guilt and Dread,
Thou always set'st me free.

4 I find my Help and Strength art Thou,
I should far from Thee daily go,
But Thou in thy dear Hand

Pre-

Preſerv'ſt me ſtill, O ſtill me keep,
Among thy choſen Fellowſhip,
Till I'm in *Canaan*'s Land.

HYMN XCVIII.

Without me ye can do nothing.

1 'TIS ſtrange, and yet 'tis true I ſtray,
And ſtumble in the ſtraiteſt Way;
I need our Saviour me to keep,
And lead me daily Step by Step.

2 I'm glad I know my Need, for I
Am happy in his Company:
When he is with me I go well,
But if he hides I wander ſtill.

3 Other poor Sinners not reſtor'd
To be familiar with my Lord,
Are far from happy: well they may,
When always out of Mercy's Way.

4 And thoſe who have enjoy'd the Light,
Who knew the Lamb and walked right;
Ev'n theſe, if he be abſent, err,
And faint, and fall, and ſin, and fear.

5 This by Experience I am taught,
That when I ſee myſelf in Fault
I look to Jeſus, and he ſees
And ſaves me from my Miſeries:

6 I fee how I to ſin am prone,
And ſo I quiet ſit me down
At Jeſu's Feet; and there I learn
When to go forward, when to turn.

HYMN XCIX.

They ſhall look upon me whom they have pierced, and they ſhall mourn for him as one mourneth for his only Son, and ſhall be in Bitterneſs for him, as one that is in Bitterneſs for his Firſt-born.

1 FOR him whom I have pierc'd I mourn,
In Sorrow for him look;
As Friends lament their dear Firſt-born
By ſudden Death o'ertook.

2 I think alas how oft have I
Thy kind Rebukes refus'd;
Preferr'd before Thee Vanity,
And all thy Love abus'd.

3 But had I ſooner Jeſus known,
Sooner his Mercies found,
I ſooner had preferr'd his Throne
To worldly Joys around.

4 Theſe empty are, and void, and waſte,
But thoſe in Jeſu's giv'n,
Are Earneſt, and a ſure Foretaſte
Of all the Joys of Heav'n.

5 What

5 What shall I do, now I have sinn'd,
Thou Lamb-like Son of God:
I'll come to Thee, my slighted Friend,
O wash me in thy Blood.

6 I'll come to Thee, and tell Thee all
The Vileness of my Sin:
My many Faults, my dreadful Fall,
And Thou shalt make me clean.

7 Bow'd down with holy Shame I'll own
My Sin for evermore;
And for my Pardon round the Throne
I'll ever Thee adore.

8 I'll mourn that I have pierc'd Thee thus;
And yet tho' thus I have,
My Sins are all nail'd to thy Cross,
And bury'd in thy Grave.

9 The Napkin thou hast left behind
Shall wipe my weeping Eyes;
Till I in *Abraham*'s Harbour find
My endless Paradise.

HYMN C.

Here will I dwell.

1 AH me, I'm never well but when
I on my best beloved lean,
Then I am never ill;

Croſſes and Trials all are light,
And Pain is ſweet, and Troubles light,
Come whatſoever will.

2 Here I could wiſh my greateſt Foe
Might reſt like me, and happy know
The Riches of the Lamb;
The Streets would then be full of Praiſe
Of *Jeſu's* Blood, his gracious Ways,
His Mercy and his Name.

3 If *Jeſus* will permit me, I
Will leaning on him live and die,
And great the Bleſſing count;
My Life, dear Lamb, I'd live to Thee,
My Death ſhould alſo glorious be,
Like *Moſes* on the Mount.

4 My ſweet Experience I'd proclaim
To all the Followers of the Lamb,
Hear me, my Friends, I'd ſay;
For I am happy, I am well,
Belov'd of God, unchangeable,
And with him Night and Day.

HYMN CI.

I will arise and go to my Father, and will say unto Him, Father, I have sinned against Heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy Son.

1 O Saviour of lost Sinners, see
Before thy Feet I fall;
I bow my guilty Head to Thee,
And loud for Mercy call.

2 I know I shall not cry in vain,
For tho' I am so vile,
Thou wast on *Calv'ry* for me slain,
And there mad'st me thy Spoil.

3 Look on thy bleeding Hands, for there
I'm sure my Name is wrote;
And see thy Side, my Master dear,
If Thou hast me forgot.

4 But sure Thou canst not e'er forget,
For whom Thou hast endur'd
So much sharp Pain and bloody Sweat,
My dear redeeming Lord.

5 When the presumptuous *Roman* cast
The pointed Javelin in;

It

Stampt my Pardon there, and fast
Smote to thy Heart my Sin.

6 This I believe, and tho' I stray,
I cannot but have Hope;
This makes me, tho' asham'd, pray,
And keeps my Spirit up.

7 O may I ne'er thy Mercy doubt,
However bad I am;
Or think I e'er can be cast out
By Thee, my Lord, the Lamb.

8 Nor let me sin again, but keep
My wand'ring Soul in Thee;
'Tis all I ask, till I shall sleep
And here no longer be.

HYMN CII.

He is our God, and we will praise Him.

1 WE'LL sing, for we belong to God,
Our Saviour is the Lamb:
We (ev'ry one) thro' *Jesu's* Blood,
Can sing, the Lord's I am.

2 To buy our Souls from endless Death
The Lord his Life laid down;
We saw him pay the Price by Faith,
And heard him Sinners own.

3 Nor will he be aſham'd to ſay
To ev'ry one of us;
My Brethren, in the Judgment-Day,
Diſciples of my Croſs.

4 Nor will we be aſham'd of him,
Before the Sons of Men,
We'll ſing the Lamb did us redeem,
The Lamb for us was ſlain.

5 We'll ſing, nor ever will we ceaſe,
Till Heav'n's our fix'd Abode;
Even there we thus the Lord will bleſs,
All hail thou Son of GOD.

HYMN CIII.

Perſecuted, but not forſaken.

1 BE with thy People, Lord, and lo!
Out of the Camp with Thee we'll go,
Bearing thy ſweet Reproach:
Yea be with us, and we'll be glad,
Tho' all the World eſteem us mad,
And righteous-over-much.

2 Let grov'lling Mortals ſtay behind,
And pleaſe themſelves with Droſs and Wind,
We'll ſeek immortal Things:

The

The Croſs, thy Enſign, we'll take up,
Deny ourſelves, and look to ſup
With Thee, O King of Kings.

3 Before the ſinful Pleaſures here
Will we thy Suff'rings, Lord, prefer,
And count Reproach and Shame,
As *Moſes* did, eternal Gain!
When we ſhall theſe for Thee ſuſtain,
Thou once afflicted Lamb,

4 Dear Maſter, ſweeten what we bear,
By bearing Witneſs I am here,
In all our Way to Thee;
And then tho' Men with Hell combine,
We knowing well that we are thine,
Will ſtill contented be.

5 Let Parents caſt us out, and Foes
Without, in mighty Wrath oppoſe,
And tempting riſe within:
But O, eternal Father, ſtoop
And take us high in Safety up,
From grieving Thee by Sin.

6 This only Suit be pleas'd to grant,
And if thou ſeeſt we Trials want,
Go on Refiner Thou:
As Gold is in the Furnace try'd,
Till it be wholly purify'd,
So try thy People too.

7 To *Jesu's* Praise, when we appear,
Descending with him in the Air,
Then will we bless him thus;
Hail worthy Lamb, whose sacred Blood
Redeem'd and wash'd us fit for God;
And purified us.

HYMN CIV.

Her Ways are Ways of Pleasantness, and all her Paths Peace.

1 WELL nigh I here have all Things try'd,
Have pleas'd my Eye, indulg'd my Pride,
Have ev'ry Scene of Vice pursu'd,
Nor have I baulk'd my Mind or Will,
I trac'd the giddy Multitude,
But O unhappy was I still;
I said of Mirth and Laughter too
Alas what is it that they do?
They end in bitter Heaviness;
And Pleasure, Honour, Health, and Gain,
What are they but delusive Pain
To all who eager them caress?

2 Then did I own they happiest are,
And their bless'd State would I prefer,
Who join the Number of the Dead:
These, thought I, are at Rest alone,
These from the toilsome World are freed,
O that my weary Soul was one;

Thus

Thus did I wail, thus think, and ſigh,
And pond'ring on Eternity,
How have I wiſh'd I ne'er had been?
In vain deſir'd the World to ſhun,
And wiſh'd in vain afar to run,
T' eſcape the World, myſelf, and Sin.

3 Religion then preſented was,
This, thought I, is too great a Croſs,
A Weight too much for me to bear,
A Deep too great for me to ſound,
Yet ſaw true Good alone was here,
And Peace could no where elſe be found:
Thus as it were compell'd to come,
By finding all Things tireſome;
A poor uneaſy Soul I ſat
At Mercy's Door, in Sin and Shame,
Where read I, *Sinners, ſee the Lamb,*
Bleſſed are they who for him wait.

4 Ah, ſaid I, with a bluſhing Face,
I am unworthy of his Grace;
I long have trampled on his Blood;
By loving Pleaſures void and waſte,
O I have griev'd the *Lamb of GOD*,
And naked come to him at laſt;
Whoever comes, I read again,
Will be receive, for he was ſlain
To ranſom Adam's *fallen Seed*:
This I believ'd, believ'd for me
Our Saviour hung upon the Tree,
And there my Price, my Ranſom paid.

5 No

5 No more I judg'd unhappy all,
I saw a Company, tho' small,
Were happy in the bleeding Lamb;
I saw that Peace and solid Good
These few possessed in his Blood,
And I, I knew was one of them;
And now his Fame abroad I'll blaze,
I'll still be speaking in his Praise,
Who hath poor Sinners Peace restor'd;
All *Adam* lost hath he regain'd,
And Pardon for his Sheep obtain'd,
Forever hail Almighty Lord.

HYMN CV.

Behold a Ladder set upon the Earth, and the Top reached to Heaven.

1 DEAR Monarch of the World, attend,
Thou who upholdest all Things here;
The Stars obey thy wise Command,
And all the Pow'rs thy Servants are.

2 Father, by Thee were all Things fram'd,
Without Thee, Saviour, nothing was;
And all Things in the Fall condemn'd,
Thou ransom'dst by thy Blood and Cross.

3 To Thee, thou God that heareth Pray'r,
Thou Lamb who hears when Sinners cry;

For

For Mercy we To-day repair,
For Refuge to thy Wounds we fly.

4 Speak but the gracious Word, and we
Will kiſs thy Feet, and thank thy Name;
Speak, Lord, *My dear Redeemed ye,*
Receive the Things for which ye came.

5 We know Thou canſt, and none beſide,
And therefore fully purpos'd now;
We'll come and at thy Gate abide,
Nor till thou bleſs us let Thee go.

6 Conſent, and as a Sign command
The Viſion of the Ladder down,
To *Jacob* ſhewn, and on it ſtand,
The Hoſts who bear us to thy Throne.

7 Thou wilt not our Requeſt deny,
We ſhall the glorious Favour gain;
The Ladder ſee,- ſalutes our Eye,
Thyſelf for poor loſt Sinner's ſlain.

8 By Thee alone, the Sinner's Friend,
We Step by Step go up to God:
By Thee to Glory we aſcend,
Adoring thy Free-Grace and Blood.

HYMN

HYMN CVI.

Return, return, that we may look upon Thee.

1 I Count it long ſince I receiv'd
A Viſit from the *Lamb*;
I fear ſome Fault the Lord hath griev'd,
For full of Faults I am.

2 If he but for a Moment hides
His lovely Face away,
Terror in my ſad Breaſt reſides,
And I'm afraid to pray.

3 Immediately myſelf I blame,
And mournful at his Feet,
My wand'ring Nature I condemn,
And Widow-like I ſit.

4 O Saviour, my Experience proves
Thou cover'ſt much that's wrong;
And whom thou once, doſt always love,
Thro' endleſs Age along.

5 Often, ere now, when I have err'd,
Thou haſt in Love reprov'd;
Inſtead of Anger, which I fear'd,
Thou whiſper'dſt, *My Belov'd.*

6 If Faults had e'er permitted Thee
Thy Mercy to remove:
Thou hadst before this Time from me
Forever took thy Love.

7 But O thou great Unchangeable!
In Honour of thy Name,
Return, and shine, and let me feel
Thou art, my God, *the same.*

HYMN CVII.

I am a Stranger with thee, and a Sojourner, as all my Fathers were.

1 A Pilgrim truly here I am,
A Sojourner, as was the Lamb,
A Gazing-Stock for all am I,
Angels and Men my Shame may see,
Yet shall my Soul contented be,
For soon I home to Heav'n shall fly:
Tho' I am hated here below,
And num'rous inward Conflicts know,
Yet do I not at all repent
That I'm a Christian, neither grieve,
That I so much for Christ receive,
That I my all for him have spent.

2 Far be it from me once to wish
I never had renounc'd the Flesh,

The Devil, and the World for God;
No, wretched Comforters they were,
They Men expose to dire Despair,
I only mourn I went their Road.
With all the Troubles Christians know
From God above, from Men below,
Yet I would choose their happy Place,
I would not but a Christian be
For all the Things I hear, or see,
Thrones, Honours, Pomp, Delight, or Praise.

3 One only Thing I'll ask, my God,
That is, to dwell so nigh his Blood,
That I may still my Safety know,
Be frequent with my Lord the Lamb,
Whom only serve I, whose I am,
'Tis all I ask while I'm below,
All, did I say? what want I more,
If I of Jesu's Love am sure,
And with him Fellowship possess?
Yet more I cannot well desire,
But only this, to mount up higher,
To share his perfect Happiness.

HYMN CVIII.

O that they were wise, that they understood this.

1 WHEN first I knew the Lamb, I thought
Where have I so long been?
Spending my Strength, my Days for nought,
A Slave to Self and Sin.

2 True Bliss is only found when Men
Discern our Saviour's Mind:
When he they know for them was slain,
They truly Glory find.

3 I griev'd that I a Stranger was
To *Jesu's* Bliss so long;
Nor knew the Bearers of his Cross,
Nor join'd their loving Throng.

4 What have I lost, I cry'd, since I
The earthly Joys pursu'd?
What have I found, what Peace, what Joy,
In my Redeemer's Blood?

5 O did the Sons of Men but taste
The Comforts of the Just,
They it would seek, and slight the rest,
And tread on all like Dust.

6 Could

6 Could I but what I feel declare,
What Comfort Chriſtians prove,
All would be forc'd, who me ſhould hear,
My deareſt Lord to love.

7 They would be fooliſh then no more,
But wiſely all lay down;
To make their Call, their Portion ſure,
On the Eternal Throne.

HYMN CIX.

He hath made us accepted in the Beloved.

1 MY Lord, my deareſt Lord I ſee,
That daily I have need of Thee;
Yea every Moment Thee I want,
Thy Preſence every Moment grant;
And keep me, O my Saviour, by thy Side,
And henceforth, Lord, be pleas'd my Feet to guide.

2 If I but ſpeak, or think amiſs,
Or in the leaſt thy Will tranſgreſs;
My Fault, my tender Shepherd ſhew,
And always teach me what to do;
Yea let me from my Works, my Doings ceaſe,
Reign Thou in me, my perfect Righteouſneſs.

3 I know what's mine is Sin, thy Blood
Had need waſh all to make it good;

Yea all my Pray'rs but filthy are,
And Hell-deserving ev'ry Tear;
My great High-Priest, I offer all thro' Thee,
Nor can beside myself accepted be.

4 Into thy Hands I give my Pray'rs,
And on thy Feet I pour my Tears;
O wash them, *Jesus*, in thy Blood,
And then present them to my God:
He will, I know, he will my Works receive,
If thou wilt tell him, I in Thee believe.

HYMN CX.

I have a goodly Heritage.

1 I Love the Lamb who dy'd for me,
I thank him for his Stripes and Death;
I bless him who on younder's Tree
Did Glory to my Soul bequeath:
When he gave up the Ghost, he left me all
The Peace, the Riches lost in *Adam*'s Fall.

2 His Love engages me to him,
Nor would I disengaged be;
For happy I myself esteem,
Yea more than happy, Lord, in Thee.
With Thee I have a Right to all above,
Thrice blessed am I, since I knew thy Love.

3 I find in Thee what can't be found,
In Pomp, or Riches, or Delight; In

In all Things glorious I abound,
When thou, my Saviour, art in Sight;
What ere I want, I have, if thou art mine,
The World, the World to come, and all that's thine.

4 Give others Wine, and fine Attire,
Honour and Goods on them bestow;
But *Jesus* only I desire,
Jesus I only want to know:
Give me but him, I'll think me far more blest
Than they who have their Corn and Wine increas'd.

HYMN CXI.

Come, my Beloved, let us go forth into the Field; let us lodge in the Villages.

1 COME to the Villages, my Love,
Saith him in whom we happy are;
He oft does out of Town remove,
To call his Chosen here and there:
Rejoice, O favour'd *Tetherton*, for thou
Art singled out for *Jesu*'s Dwelling now.

2 In thee the Ruler sets his Foot,
And saith, my Soul delights herein;
His Church here yields him pleasant Fruit,
Water'd with Blood, and wash'd from Sin;

Thrice happy Village, great ſhalt thou become,
Thou Reſt for Pilgrims in their Journey home.

3 Here lifts the Lord his Enſign high,
The Standard of his bloody Croſs;
Souls from all Countries ſee, and fly
For Refuge here, and join with us:
Hail, little Flock, O hail our Saviour's Bride,
For God is with thee; here will he abide.

4 Let *Longley* ſing, and *Brinkworth* too,
For ye are Lodgings of the King;
Foxham and *Clack*, he walks in you,
Ye all have greateſt Cauſe to ſing;
But *Tetherton*'s the fav'rite little Spot,
Where *Jeſus* meets his Church ſo dearly bought.

HYMN CXII.

If theſe ſhould hold their Peace, the Stones would immediately cry out.

1 THanks to the Lord, who our Reproach
Once bore, and all our Blame;
Who died for us, his Love was ſuch;
All Thanks attend his Name.

2 We evermore will ſpeak in Praiſe
Of his redeeming Blood;
The Stones would cry, if we ſhould ceaſe
To ſing the Lord our God.

3 Such

3 Such Things our merciful High-Prieſt
In our Behalf hath wrought;
To purchaſe us eternal Reſt,
As may not be forgot.

4 Yea ſooner may our Hands and Tongues,
Forever uſeleſs be;
Then we forget to ſing loud Songs
Of Praiſe, dear God, to Thee.

5 With Angels all our Pilgrim-Hoſt,
Shall fall before the Throne,
And *Jeſus* ſing, and make our Boaſt
Of Him, and Him alone.

HYMN CXIII.

They ſhall perſecute you.

1 THEY who the Teſtimony have,
And Witneſſes of *Jeſus* are;
Who cloſe to our Redeemer cleave,
Shall many heavy Croſſes bear;
The World ſhall ſtrangely them deride,
But *Jeſus* ſhall with them abide.

2 Becauſe they know us not they ſhun
Our little Pilgrim-Company;
Nor will they buy or ſell with one
Who wears the Mark, *Chriſt*'s Livery:

Yet

Yet Brethren, we'll hold firm our Faith,
Nor Love, for God, our Lives to Death.

3 To Blood we joyfully refiſt
The Motions of infernal Powers;
Nor value here our all for Chriſt,
For all his Heaven of Heavens is ours:
We think on *Jeſu*'s Words, and know,
Thro' Trouble we to him muſt go.

HYMN CXIV.

Speaking to yourſelves in Pſalms and Hymns, and ſpiritual Songs, ſinging and making Melody in your Hearts to the LORD.

1 MUCH hath our Saviour done for us,
Ev'n while we each his En'my was;
Great Things to us he too hath ſhewn,
And Wonders for his Handmaids done.

2 He hath forgiv'n us much, and we
Would much exalt his Clemency;
And we would love him much, who prove
Much of his Grace and endleſs Love.

3 How ſhall we live his Praiſe? or how
Our Gratitude to *Jeſus* ſhew?
Love ye the Brethren then, and ye
Will pleaſe the Lamb abundantly.

4 Doth

4 Doth he nought elſe of his demand?
Require no Preſent at our Hand?
No, Brethren, nothing more beſide,
But love his Friends for whom he dy'd.

5 Did he require us ought to give,
We're poor, he could not ought receive;
'Tis well, then all he'd have you do,
Is Kindneſs to his Seed to ſhew.

6 To this we thankfully conſent,
Jeſus ſhall be our Preſident;
He our Example, track we too,
By loving whom he loves below.

7 The Brethren dear to us ſhall be,
Dearer than all, O Lord, but Thee;
And in our Breaſt will we receive
The Daughters who in Thee believe.

8 In ſweet Communion join we then
To praiſe the Saviour for us ſlain;
Amen, ſing we, and hail the GOD
Who bought us with his precious Blood.

HYMN

HYMN CXV.

O thou that heareſt Prayer, unto thee ſhall all Men come.

1 HOW ſad's my State, I know not how
To pleaſe the Lamb, or do his Will;
Myſelf and God I want to know,
Yet ignorant of both am ſtill.

2 I mourn becauſe I cannot mourn,
I grieve becauſe I cannot grieve;
I hate my Sin, yet cannot turn,
I hear the Truth, but can't believe.

3 Helpleſs am I, and ſelf-condemn'd,
Incurable I ſee my Wound;
I'd come to Thee, but am aſham'd,
O where ſhall Help for me be found.

4 Where ſhall ſo great a Sinner run?
Dangers on ev'ry Side I ſee;
I am undone, undone, undone,
Unleſs our Saviour comes to me.

5 Let Pity move Thee to appear,
Sinner-receiving Son of God;
In my Behalf be kindly near,
And quench my crying Sins with Blood.

6 Reach out thy gentle Hand to give
Salvation to a Wretch diſtreſs'd;

Give,

Give, O dear Saviour, to believe,
A weary Soul who wants a Reſt.

7 I know thy open Wounds afford
Eternal Refuge unto ſome:
There would I fly, my deareſt Lord,
O ſpeak, and tell me there is Room.

8 This if Thou doſt, I aſk no more,
Glad would I for thy Chariot wait;
And when I ſtand on *Sion*'s Shore
I'll worſhip ever at thy Feet.

HYMN CXVI.

We are come to the general Aſſembly, and Church of the Firſt-born.

1 THE Congregation of the Lamb,
The People of his holy Name;
Are we our Saviour's Spouſe;
His Siſter, and his choſen Bride,
For whom he late was crucify'd,
His Vineyard and his Houſe.

2 He calls us, and we hear his Voice,
And when we hear him we rejoice,
My Sheep, he ſmiling ſaith;
My Shepherd, anſwer we, for Thou,
Hath vouchſaf'd humbly to be ſo,
And ſeal'd us by thy Death.

3 By Streams of endleſs Comfort he
His Seed refreſhes graciouſly;
We daily prove his Care:
All other Paſtors we diſown,
None but the Lord, our God alone,
Our thankful Hearts ſhall ſhare.

4 We are his Golden Candleſtick,
Nor we alone, but all who ſeek
To ſee our Saviour's Face:
His Spirit in us ſhines, whoſe Light
Directs poor trav'lling Sinners right,
Diſpenſing Truth and Grace.

5 Amidſt us is th' Eternal Lord,
Out of his Mouth proceeds a Sword,
That Sinners Spirits wound:
But in his Hands and Side, the Lamb
Bears *Gilead*'s noted healing Balm,
Whoſe Virtues we have found.

HYMN CXVII.

He is able to ſuccour them that are tempted.

1 O Biſhop of our Souls, who art
Exalted now o'er ev'ry Name,
See the Diſtraction of my Heart,
O ſee how deſtitute I am!

2 Plea

2 Plead for the Worſt of all who feel
I know the Worſt of all I am;
Plead for a Brand pluck'd out of Hell,
Thou ever-bleſſed bleeding Lamb.

3 I know thy Blood's prevailing Cries,
Shall bring my ſealed Pardon down:
That Blood poor Sinners juſtifies,
Let me be juſtify'd for one.

4 Let me believe, thy Name ſhall then
Alone by me exalted be:
None elſe can eaſe me of my Pain,
Free Grace beſtow on guilty me.

HYMN CXVIII.

He commandeth the Light to ſhine out of Darkneſs.

1 THrice welcome to my Sin-ſick Heart,
Art thou my tender GOD;
What Pain have I endur'd, what Smart,
Whilſt thou at Diſtance ſtood?

2 Dear to me haſt thou often been,
In Months now paſs'd away;
In thy Embraces, ſav'd from Sin,
I ſpent the Night and Day.

3 Thy Children then with Love I view'd,
And thought me more than bleſt;

When

When all our Subject was thy Blood,
And thy Eternal Reſt.

4 All Day I very happy was,
For thou waſt all Day nigh;
I lov'd to bear thy hallow'd Croſs,
And keep Thee Company.

5 But O what Clouds have cover'd me,
Since theſe Delights I knew?
What Griefs ſince then, what Miſery,
Have I, my God, gone thro'!

6 Oft have I wiſh'd, like *Job*, and ſaid,
O that 'twas now with me
As when thy Candle on my Head
Lighted my Way to Thee.

7 Ready to faint, I ſtood awhile,
Strange Thoughts my Mind o'erflow'd,
I fear'd leſt Thou no more wouldſt ſmile,
To ſmooth my rugged Road.

8 It may be, ſaid my mournful Heart,
My pleaſant Days are paſt;
With ev'ry Joy I now muſt part,
While Life and Time ſhall laſt.

9 But now the Wilds begin to bloom,
The Storms are over now;
And O my wiſh'd-for Days are come,
Such as I lately knew.

10 Wel-

10 Welcome dear Sun of Righteouſneſs,
Welcome thou Prince of Pow'r;
Make now my Breaſt thy Dwelling-Place,
And go away no more.

HYMN CXIX.

Thy Name is as the Ointment poured forth, therefore do the Virgins love Thee.

1 O Very dear Lamb,
My Lord, and my God,
Whoſe Servant I am,
Redeem'd by thy Blood;
I hear of Thee never,
But it me revives,
Freſh Strength, my dear Saviour,
Thy Name to me gives.

2 Whene'er I hear Men
Make mention of Thee,
And ſay he was ſlain,
I anſwer, for me!
For me he was martyr'd,
And all who were loſt;
To bring back the Scatter'd
He gave up the Ghoſt.

3 And when any ſpeak
In Praiſe of thy Name,

My Silence I break,
And who can me blame?
For I'm his Belov'd,
He's mine, I cry loud,
My Sins he remov'd,
And drown'd in his Blood.

4 Ah *Jesus*, my Rest,
How happy am I,
Whene'er I am blest
With thy Company?
I'd rise up from Princes,
Thy Presence to share,
All, all mine Offences
Cease when I am there.

5 What puts me to Pain
Then vanishes quite,
No more I complain,
For all Things go right:
If *Jesus* be nigh me,
I nothing can need,
But that he prepare me
To soar to my Head.

HYMN CXX.

I will remember the Works of the Lord, thy Wonders of Old.

1 WHEN I consider all the Ways
In which my Lord his Love hath shewn;
How all my many sinful Days
He hath preserv'd and led his Son:
I wonder, O my Soul, how thou canst be
So unconcern'd, and live so carelessly.

2 Should not my Life his Praise declare,
And all I do Thanksgiving seem?
Yea surely while I sojourn here,
I ought alone to worship him.
O dear Redeemer, fill me with a Sense
Of thy amazing Love and Providence.

3 Sooner from me my Life remove,
Than let me here ungrateful live,
Sooner than once forget thy Love,
Death's Summons, Lord, let me receive;
With ev'ry Breath, let me thy Mercy bless,
Till I behold Thee in thy Righteousness.

4 Then shew me, Lord, what thou hast done
For me the Chief of Sinners shew;

And let me, as thy Servant *John*,
Lean on thy Boſom here below:
Such Favours will my ſtupid Spirit move,
And melt my Heart to Thankfulneſs and Love.

HYMN CXXI.

Chriſt is come, a High-Prieſt of good Things.

1 A Good High-Prieſt is come,
Supplying *Aaron*'s Place,
And taking up his Room,
Diſpenſing Life and Grace:
The Law by *Aaron*'s Prieſthood came,
But Grace and Truth by *Jeſu*'s Name.

2 An Ephod *Aaron* wore,
A Cov'ring to the Knee,
Sprinkled with Bullock's Gore;
A Type deſign'd to be
Of *Jeſu*'s Robes waſh'd in his Blood,
My Cov'ring when I go to God.

3 Down to the Foot, ſaith *John*,
The milky Dreſs I ſaw:
Hereby was plainly ſhewn,
It was not of the Law;
That reach'd but to the Knee; lo this
Declares a perfect Holiuſneſs.

4 My Lord a Prieſt is made,
As ſware the mighty God,
To *Iſrael* and his Seed,
Ordain'd to offer Blood;
For Sinners, who his Mercy ſeek,
A Prieſt, as was *Melchiſedech*.

5 He once Temptations knew,
Of ev'ry Sort and Kind,
That he might Succour ſhew
To ev'ry tempted Mind:
In ev'ry Point the Lamb was try'd
Like us, and then for us he dy'd.

6 He dies, but lives again,
And by the Altar ſtands,
There ſhews how he was ſlain,
And op'ning his pierc'd Hands,
He 'bides a Prieſt, and pleads our Cauſe,
Tranſgreſſors of his righteous Laws.

7 I know I ſhall ſucceed,
I ſhall not ever fail,
The Lamb for me will plead,
He can with God prevail;
He undertakes for me, I ſoon
Shall hear him ſay, *My Child, 'tis done.*

8 *'Tis done*, my Saviour ſaith,
His Blood he now applies,
I know the living Faith,
The Faith that juſtifies:

I can believe the Lord my Prieſt
Hath bought for me eternal Reſt.

9 I other Prieſts diſclaim,
And Laws, and Off'rings too;
None but the bleeding Lamb
The mighty Work can do;
He ſhall have all the Praiſe, for he
Alone me lov'd, and dy'd for me.

HYMN CXXII.

And they cried one to another.

1 CHildren of the Lord, rejoice,
Praiſe him with a chearful Voice;
Hearty we with you agree,
Reaſon have our Company.

2 Have you Reaſon? we have more,
We by him of Heav'n are ſure;
Favour'd like ye, we are too,
Seal'd in the Lamb of God to view.

3 Great Salvation have we ſeen
In him lately ſlain for Men;
Bleſſed be our Saviour's Name,
We have alſo ſeen the ſame.

4 Worthy is the Lord, we cry,
Chriſt, who deign'd for us die;

Worthy

Worthy is the Lamb, ſay we,
Chriſt, *who dy'd on yonder's Tree.*

5 *Jeſus*, yet unſeen, we'll bleſs,
Till we 'wake in Righteouſneſs;
Jeſus *will we ever own,*
Worthy of our Thanks alone.

6 Hallelujah be our Song,
Sound forever from our Tongue;
Hallelujah us employ,
Till we enter perfect Joy.

HYMN CXXIII.

Come, ſee the Bride, the Lamb's Wife.

1 BRide of the Lamb are we,
The Church by him eſteem'd;
From Sin and Satan free,
And from the World redeem'd;
A Preſent to the Father made,
Forever perfect in our Head.

2 No Blemiſh, Spot, or Stain,
On us will God behold,
He knows our Lord was ſlain,
To waſh his little Fold:
In him we're fair, his Lovelineſs,
His Blood and Merits are our Dreſs.

3 An Army we become,
Our Enſign is the Croſs,
Jeruſalem's our Home,
Tho' *Egypt* lately was;
Our Captain he, whom Angels fear,
Thro' him we more than Conqu'rors are.

4 Our Rights are very great,
The Keys of Heaven are ours,
We too can ſhut the Gate
Of all infernal Pow'rs;
A Faith to us our Lord has giv'n,
That Hell bars up and opens Heav'n.

5 We can be converſant
With *Jeſus* ev'ry Day,
We tell him all we want,
He takes our Grief away;
Often our Heart mounts to his Throne,
And often he to us comes down.

6 He ſhews us all his Heart,
How much he has in Store,
Which ſhall be ſtill our Part
With him for evermore:
He ſhews us what he hath beſtow'd,
By making us the Heirs of God.

7 We may, whene'er we will,
Upon his Boſom lean,
And there repent and tell
How we have caus'd him Pain;
He wipes off all our Tears, and ſays,
Sufficient for you is my Grace.

8 This is the Privilege
Of all our Saviour's Sheep,
While in their Pilgrimage,
Their Confidence they keep:
This we are witneſs of, and you,
Deſpairing Brethren, this may know.

HYMN CXXIV.

He was dead, but is alive again, he was loſt, but is now found.

1 THE Lamb to me hath made it plain,
That he for all my Sins was ſlain;
He ſhew'd me how the Debt he paid,
When he on *Calv'ry* bow'd his Head.

2 He bought me who was *Satan*'s Prey,
And having waſh'd my Guilt away,
To his eternal Father he
A glorious Preſent made of me.

3 And now what he for me hath done,
Is glad rehears'd around the Throne;
The liſt'ning Harpers wond'ring gaze,
And tune their golden Harps in Praiſe.

4 In my Behalf thy Glory give,
And ſing, how Chriſt will me receive;
Our Brother, ſhout the happy Hoſt!
Is found, is found, who late was loſt.

5 Ah how I long to mix with them,
And help in the delightful Theme;
Till I aſcend I'll here rejoice,
And echo back the glorious Noiſe.

6 I'll ſing, nor any ſhall me ſtop,
The Lord for me was lifted up!
For me he dy'd, for me was ſlain,
For me he lives and reigns again.

HYMN CXXV.

Be ready always to give an Anſwer to every one that aſketh you a Reaſon of the Hope that is in you.

1 WHO are you? ſhould Men aſk of us,
We'd ſay, Diſciples of the Croſs,
We ſeek a certain Dwelling-Place,
Where Chriſt, our Head, unveils his Face;
He is our God, our King ſupreme,
And we aſcend to be with him.

2 Loving, as Brethren, Hand in Hand
We journey to our own free Land;
And tho' we ſeem ſo poor and mean,
King's Sons and Daughters we ſhall reign;
The pooreſt of our Saviour's Gueſt,
He honours moſt, and loves the beſt.

3 But ſhould Men farther aſk our Name,
Our Buſineſs, Faith, and whence we came?
An Anſwer we would glad return,
And ſay, lo! we were Sinners born;
The firſt Man *Adam* bore us all,
Partakers in his Guilt and Fall.

4 Our Buſineſs is a Reſt to gain,
Our Faith, the Lamb for us was ſlain;
Nor yet for us alone, for Room
Is found in him for all who come:
Our Name's a Secret, 'twill be ſo,
Till ye the Lamb our Maſter know.

HYMN CXXVI.

Having lov'd his own which were in the World, he loves them to the End.

1 OH Unbelief! how long haſt thou
My Soul from God debarr'd,
And made me err, and robb'd me too
Of *Jeſus* my Reward?

2 Now by his Blood I trample o'er,
And gladly overcome;
Thy curſed Bondage, now the Pow'r
Of Grace ſhall take thy Room.

3 By Faith in my Redeemer's Blood
I now my Freedom gain;

I'll

I'll hold this faſt, *The Lamb of God*
For me was ſurely ſlain.

4 While this I know, I need not doubt,
I need not henceforth fear;
For Chriſt will never caſt me out,
Or me refuſe to hear.

5 I'll glory in his precious Name,
Perſuaded he my Friend,
Who lov'd me once, when in my Shame,
Will love me to the End.

HYMN CXXVII.

We love him, becauſe he firſt loved us.

1 IF any aſk me why I love
The once deſpiſed *Nazareen?*
I ſay, becauſe I gladly prove
He dy'd to take away my Sin;
He, Lord of all Things, dy'd to make me his.
How can I chuſe but love a Friend like this?

2 The former Part of my bad Life,
I was an Enemy to him;
I caus'd him ſmarting Pain and Grief,
And did his Mercy diſeſteem:
Nor ſince he gain'd me, did he once upbraid,
Or charge my Folly on my guilty Head.

3. I very often ſerious think,
What made the Lamb of God love me,
A Soul that ſtood upon the Brink
Of being loſt eternally?
And nothing can I anſwer, but my God
Did love a poor loſt Soul, becauſe he wou'd.

4 My Fellows, my Companions hear,
Ye Souls who once like me went on,
Yield to the Lord, my Maſter dear,
Prove ye the Lamb, and ye will own,
He's only excellent, and only pure,
The Pleaſures found in him alone endure.

HYMN CXXVIII.

Commit thy Way unto the Lord, truſt thou in him, and he ſhall bring it to paſs.

1 COME, my Soul, before the Lamb,
Fall and do him Rev'rence;
Bleſs him for his Blood and Name,
Sing his great Deliv'rance.

2 Why ſhould Sorrow bow thee down,
Trials or Temptation?
Is not Chriſt upon the Throne
Still thy ſtrong Salvation?

3 What haſt thou to do with Care?
Why art thou ſo buſy?

Chriſt

Chriſt was ſlaughter'd, look thou there,
Let that Scene amuſe thee.

4 Caſt thy Burdens on the Lord,
Leave them with thy Saviour,
He (whoſe Hands for thee were bor'd)
Will thee ſure deliver.

5 See him falling on the Ground,
Troubled in the Garden;
By Hell's Legions compaſs'd round,
Caſt on him thy Burden.

6 Go and tell him all thy Woe,
Shew the Lord what grieves Thee;
All thy Weight thy Troubles ſhew,
Jeſus will receive thee.

7 O my Soul, didſt thou but view
How he hath engraven
Thee upon his Hands, then thou
Now would'ſt walk on even.

8 Nothing then, as he hath ſaid,
Thee from Peace could ſever;
No; thy Peace from him thy Head,
Would be like a River.

9 Turn thee to thy Reſt, my Soul,
Turn thee, and diſcover
How he yet is merciful,
Turn thee to thy Lover.

10 Bluſh that thou haſt him forgot,
Happy in him make thee;

Gaze

Gaze upon him, who thee bought,
Till to him he takes thee.

11 Leave thy earthly Things behind,
Mind alone thy Saviour;
Count thou all beſide but Wind,
Trample on it ever.

12 Run thou naked, this is right,
Imitate thy Maſter;
Caſt aſide thy ev'ry Weight,
So thou'lt run the faſter.

HYMN CXXIX.

Behold the Man!

1 CHurch, behold! the Off'ring great,
Evidently ſee the Lamb
In his Agony and Sweat,
Crucify'd, and bow'd with Shame;
See, and wonder, Spouſe of God,
See, and own thee bought with Blood.

2 Fall thou down before the Croſs,
'Midſt the Armies round the Throne;
Sing this Man redeemed us,
This Oblation, this alone:
Hail, great Off'ring, joyful ſay,
Thou that tak'ſt our Sin away.

HYMN CXXX.

As many as walk according to this Rule, Peace be on them, and Mercy upon the Iſrael *of God.*

1 PIlgrims we, and Sojourners,
Thro' the World are journeying;
For the Prize in heav'nly Spheres,
Hurried not, yet running.

2 Men our Way with Wonder ſee,
Muſe on our Behaviour;
Call us Fools, and mad, yet we
Only mind our Saviour.

3 Sin, and Death, the Law, and Hell,
All conſpire againſt us,
But we're ſure they can't prevail,
Thou, dear Lamb, ſuſtain'ſt us.

4 Some in Shew of righteous Men,
With the Fiend endeavour
Us to move, but we maintain
Living Faith forever.

5 Some our Way would fain pervert,
Saying, look to *Moſes*;
Whoſo thither turns his Heart,
We ſay, *Jeſus* loſes.

6 Whoſo

6 Whoso makes the Law his Rule,
Unto Bondage genders;
Grieves our Saviour, hurts his Soul,
And his Freedom hinders.

7 Look to me, *Immanuel* saith,
I will thee deliver;
Whoso looks to me by Faith
I will be his Saviour.

8 Peace on them be multiply'd,
Tho' their Way be thorny,
Who by this Rule walk and 'bide,
Who in this Way journey.

9 This we know is very true,
Christ to us is given;
He becomes our Cov'nant new,
Our Way, new and living.

10 He his Children right will lead,
He's our loving Brother;
He's our Law, Life, Rule, and Head,
Neither want we other.

11 He makes Promise, we believe,
And are well persuaded,
He, as he hath said, will give,
For we're to him wedded.

12 He will nothing us deny,
Therefore we are happy;
While our legal Neighbours die,
Barren are and sleepy.

13 In him plenteous we abound,
Therefore we are fruitful;
In him all our Fruit is found,
All that he sees needful.

14 We have in him Liberty
O'er the Law and Evil,
Death, and all Iniquity,
Hell, the World, and Devil.

15 We in Fellowship with God
May, when-e'er distressed,
Thro' the Lamb's Distress and Blood,
Ev'ry Day be blessed.

16 Here we therefore keep, nor move
From the Cross's Banner;
There we sit, and look, and love,
Daily on this Manner.

17 Thus when tempted, thus when sad,
Thro' Hell's curs'd Retinue;
We remembring Christ, our Head,
Safe and well continue.

18 This our Brethren overlook,
And are Captives ever;
Slight and stumble at the Rock,
So offend our Saviour.

19 O most dear and spotless Lamb,
Seek thy wand'ring People,
Let each bow to thy sweet Name,
And be thy Disciple.

20 Let them come and prove with us
All thy Love and Favour,
Sit down happy by thy Croſs,
Praiſing Thee forever.

HYMN CXXXI.

The Lord hath had Compaſſion on me.

1 I Tho' ſo very ſinful, and ſo poor,
Am made our Saviour's happy Wife and Bride;
I am the Heir to all his Throne and Store,
This he purchas'd for me when he dy'd.

2 All my large Debts upon himſelf he took,
And all my filthy Rags he chang'd away,
Then waſh'd me wholly in the bloody Brook
Of his five Wounds, and gave me fine Array.

3 In Priſon he was thrown to ſet me free,
In Chains was bound to buy me Liberty;
His Forehead torn with Thorns, that I might bear
The Crown of Life, and endleſs Glory there.

4 I thought when firſt I heard what he had done,
What Love he bare to *Adam*'s helpleſs Race,
'Tis Mercy ſure too great, too much for one
So vile as me, who grieves him to his Face.

5 But happy I in this miſtaken was,
I heard his ſpeaking Blood moſt ſweetly ſay,

This shameful Death, thy Saviour on the Cross,
Hath dy'd to wash thy crimson Sins away.

6 This I believe, and truly happy am,
My Maker is my Husband I can cry;
I have my Portion in the bleeding Lamb,
My Birthright is the Son of God most High.

7 For this upon my Knees, my Lord I bless,
And give him many Thanks, and kiss each Wound;
Nor will I be asham'd to own his Grace,
Or tell his Mercy, tho' an Host stood round.

HYMN CXXXII.

Of him will I make my Boast.

1 MY Soul, dear Saviour, loves thy Name so well,
That I could ever of thy Mercies tell,
Lord, thy great Salvation
So me surprises,
So fills my Heart with Blessing, Thanks, and Praises, That I'm overcome.

2 How dear am I redeem'd? at what a Cost,
Am I the Sinner ransom'd, who was lost?
My God came from Heaven,
My great Creator,
WAS FLESH, and became my dear Mediator,
Amazing Love!

3 That

3 That he might make me righteous, he fulfill'd
The Law of *Moſes*, then he it repeal'd,
Nor hence can the Curſes,
Or Condemnation,
Hurt me, for I am juſt by Imputation;
The Lord is mine.

4 That he might alſo hallow me for GOD,
Without *Jeruſalem*'s Gates he ſhed his Blood;
He is my Holineſs;
I want none other;
He is my All in All, my endleſs Brother,
My Portion He.

HYMN CXXXIII.

Reverence my Son.

1 TO *Jeſus*, e'er the Worlds were made,
The everlaſting Father ſaid,
My Son upon my Right-Hand ſit,
And tread thy Foes beneath thy Feet.

2 So to the Angels princely Choir,
Once ſpake (and all obey'd) their Sire,
Behold my Son! bow down before
His awful Throne, and Him adore.

3 His Saints he alſo charg'd the ſame,
And ſaid, *Go kiſs my Son, the Lamb;*

As me, ſo honour ye my Son,
And know that He and I are one.

4 The Armies of the ſecond Death
Know this, and furious gnaſh their Teeth;
Th' eternal God in Fleſh they ſee,
And dread the ſacred Unity.

5 This Myſt'ry deep, the happy Train
Believe and ſound, *The Lamb was ſlain*;
They fall before his Feet and cry,
How wondrous is thy Myſtery!

6 The Troops of Angels ſee, and own
Themſelves aſtoniſh'd round the Throne;
This clearer by the Church they know,
And ſing, and bluſh, and ſhout, and bow.

7 *The* WORD *made Fleſh*, the Elders ſee,
And all the royal Family;
Touch'd with a Senſe of this fall down!
And great th' Humiliation own!

8 Ten thouſand thouſand do the ſame,
Who miniſter before the Lamb,
Him GOD MADE MAN, they thankful ſee,
But can't define the Myſtery.

9 So let my Soul, the Church, and all,
Who love the Lamb, before him fall,
And own our GOD upon the Croſs
Was Fleſh, and came and dy'd for us

10 O let us hide our Face, and low
Ourſelves before his Footſtool throw;

And kiſs his bloody Feet, and be
His Worſhippers eternally.

11 Hail only Lord, and Son of Man!
Who thro' thy own great Love was ſlain;
Hail very Body of the Lamb!
Hail *Lord Immanuel*, great I AM!

12 In deepeſt Love, and Poverty,
We proſtrate fall to worſhip Thee;
Thou Man with Blood ſo ſprinkled o'er,
Thou God, whom Heav'n and Earth adore.

HYMN CXXXIV.

Lead me to thine holy Hill.

1 O Lead me near the Mount of God,
And there thy Servant meet;
There let me view thy ſprinkling Blood,
There worſhip at thy Feet.

2 Up *Calv'ry* lead my Soul by Faith,
To hear thy Groans and Cries,
To ſee the *Lamb*'s atoning Death,
And glorious Sacrifice.

3 Here may I learn of Thee, my Lord,
The Myſt'ries of thy Blood,
Till I ſhall hear that wiſh'd-for Word,
Come up and be with GOD.

HYMN CXXXV.

Comfort ye, comfort ye my People, ſaith the Lord, ſpeak comfortably to Jeruſalem.

1 WHY ſorrows the Queen,
The Bride of the Lamb?
When lo! all thy Sin,
Thy Trouble and Blame,
Is far from thee taken;
God ſees it no more;
Yet ſaiſt thou, forſaken
Am I, and left poor.

2 When *Daniel* and *John*,
To Paradiſe caught,
Beheld on the Throne
The Lamb who Thee bought;
They ſaw all thy Treaſure
Laid up in his Blood,
The Rivers of Pleaſure,
For thee flow from God.

3 They heard the Lamb tell,
How well he lov'd Thee;
How Death, Sin, and Hell,
Should very ſoon ſee
Thee crown'd with thy Saviour,
Waſh'd white in his Blood;
For ever and ever!
In that bright Abode.

4 He ſaid and he ſware!
The Hills ſhall depart,
The Earth diſappear,
But ſtill on my Heart
I bear my dear *Sion:*
This all the Saints heard,
And bleſs'd *Judah*'s Lion,
And *Jeſus* rever'd.

5 The Elders roſe up,
The four full of Eyes,
The Virgins chaſte Troop,
The Confeſſors wiſe;
Apoſtles and Martyrs,
Who dy'd for the Lord,
'Midſt Thouſands of Creatures,
Immanuel ador'd.

6 The Angels prepar'd
A Song to the Man
Who *Sion* had ſpar'd,
And for her was ſlain;
To *Jeſus' Jehovah*,
With Tongues like a Flame,
They ſang *Hallelujah*
To God and the Lamb.

7 The Cherubim's Choirs
Made ready to praiſe,
In extatic Airs
They admir'd his Grace;

The *Lion* of *Judah*
Is gracious and good:
Then blew *Hallelujah*
With Trumpets aloud.

8 Salvation, they cry'd,
Thankſgiving and Bliſs,
To him be aſcrib'd,
When Ages ſhall ceaſe;
Who calls his Church *Beulah*,
A Field bleſs'd of God;
Again *Hallelujah*
They ſhouted aloud.

9 Then lift up thine Head,
Thou Wife of the Lamb,
No more be diſmay'd,
Below'd is thy Name;
With all happy Spirits
Thou ſoon ſhalt adore
The Lamb, and his Merits,
And ſorrow no more.

HYMN CXXXVI.

They were all with one Accord in one Place.

1 CHief Prieſt and honour'd Elder, meet
Thy under Servants at thy Feet;

Shew

Shew each his Place, and teach him how
His Buſineſs fur the Lord to do.

2 Our weak Opinions, Schemes, and Rules,
Which byaſs or corrupt our Souls
Remove, and ſhew thyſelf the Light,
And therein guide us, Saviour, right.

3 Till all the Flocks one Fold are made,
And all one Shepherd have, and Head;
Thy Lab'rers bleſs, and let their Eye
Be ſingle for Thee till they die.

HYMN CXXXVII.

The Elders came to enquire of the Lord.

1 FAther, ſee thy Labourers,
See our great Concerns and Cares;
Dear chief Shepherd, come and ſhew
What thine Officers ſhould do.

2 All with one Accord are here,
O moſt holy Overſeer!
Waiting at thy Beck to be
Any how employ'd for Thee.

3 Very weak ourſelves we own,
Very ign'rant ev'ry one;
Yet we'll work, if Thou us ſend,
We on Thee ourſelves depend.

4 Give us all alike to ſee,
Let us never diſagree;
But an happy Emblem prove
Of the perfect Church above.

HYMN CXXXVIII.

Behold me! behold me!

1 HOW fooliſh I am!
I turn from the Lamb,
And gaze on my Heart, and ſo nurſe my dead Frame.

2 Look up to me, ſaith
The God of my Faith;
I look on my Sin, and ſee nothing but Death.

3 I often have view'd
My Sins Multitude,
Inſtead of my Saviour, all cover'd in Blood.

4 This keeps me ſo low,
This adds to my Woe,
Becauſe to myſelf, not to *Jeſus*, I go.

5 O hear me, who was
Nail'd high on the Croſs,
And tell me if I muſt forever be thus.

6 Thou ſaith, look on me,
Deliver'd for thee,
Thy Surety, thy Saviour, and thou ſhalt be free.

7 Behold

7 Behold me, and gaze
On my bruiſed Face,
Look on my torn Body, 'tis thy Reſting-Place.

8 I paid thy long Debt
With Drops of Blood-ſweat;
My Hands from the Father reach'd out the Receipt.

9 Conſider not thou
How dead and how low
Thou art in thyſelf, but thy Pay-Maſter view.

10 Thus *Abrah'm* believ'd,
And Strength he receiv'd,
To truſt in that GOD, to whom he's arriv'd.

11 Tho' antient and dead,
The Promiſe him made,
He held, nor once ſtagger'd at what the Lord ſaid.

12 O could I do ſo,
I know I ſhould too
Receive the bleſt Witneſs, *Thy Sins are as Snow.*

13 O teach me, my God,
Beneath ev'ry Load,
To ſee thy Hands, Saviour, brimful of thy Blood.

14 Teach me to believe
That Price thou didſt give
To buy me, that I in thy Glory might live.

15 Perſuade me of this,
And for the great Bliſs
I'll thank Thee, and ev'ry dear Nail-hole I'll kiſs.

16 Forever to Thee
I'll look thankfully,
And ſing of the Mercy thou ſhewedſt to me.

HYMN CXXXIX.

Why ſtandeth thou 'far off?

1 LET not ſo great a Diſtance be,
My Lord, betwixt my Soul and Thee;
Tho' I have caus'd it, kindly ſtoop,
And make Thou all my Breaches up.

2 I cannot bear to live unleſs
Thy gracious Preſence I poſſeſs;
I count myſelf a nether Hell
If Thou refuſe with me to dwell.

3 I rather chooſe to hide my Head
Within the Grave's deſired Shade,
Than live, if Thee I may not prove,
Each Day and Hour, and Minute, *Love*.

4 O call to mind the direful Eve,
When thy Diſciples did Thee leave;
If this was ſore for Thee t' endure,
Thy leaving me, Lord, muſt be more.

5 I rather would that all my Friends,
And ev'ry Gift thy Father ſends,
Were taken far away, than find
Thee, O my *Saviour*, ſeem unkind.

6 The

6 The greateſt Sorrows Man can bear,
I'll welcome with a Heart ſincere,
If Thou wilt my Companion be,
And let me daily talk with Thee.

HYMN CXL.

Praiſe ye the LORD.

1 HO! Sojourners, whoſe Company
Are in the King's Highway;
Who calls to Sojourners? lo! we
(True Iſraelites) *are they.*

2 We call'd that you with us might praiſe
The ſlaughter'd Lamb of God;
'Tis right, we join to ſing his Grace,
His Name, and Wounds, and Blood.

3 In all our Way to *Salem*'s Coaſt
This our Employ ſhall be;
Purpos'd to ſing are all our Hoſt,
Till we our Canaan *ſee.*

4 Thy Mercy, Son of God, and Man,
Shall be our endleſs Theme;
We'll only bleſs that Victim ſlain
Without Jeruſalem.

5 Thou art our Lord, no other now
Will we for ever own;

Thou

Thou art our God, and only thou,
O everlasting Son.

6 Thou didst point out our narrow Road,
And walk'd thyself therein;
Thou holy Saviour, by thy Blood
Wash'd all our Robes from Sin.

7 At God's Right-Hand we know thou art,
Where shortly we shall be;
Thou reign'st within thine Handmaids Heart,
The Seal we are of Thee.

8 So long as we have Breath and Pow'r,
Thy Name we still will bless;
And we when Time shall be no more,
We'll never, never cease.

HYMN CXLI.

So they cried unto the Lord in their Trouble.

1 O Man of Sorrows, well acquainted Thou,
With all thy Congregations Griefs below;
Fill'd with the tender'st Sympathy attend,
And give thy People now thy helping Hand.

2 Thy own dear Body is the Church, and we
Are bought by, and of neareſt Kin to Thee,
Then

Then ſhew Compaſſion as thou us'd to do,
And raiſe our Spirits, or aſſwage our Woe:

3 Then we who have like ſome ſad Widow ſate,
Or Woman left, forſook, and deſolate,
Shall riſe, and put our goodly Garments on,
To ſing the Wonders thou for us haſt done.

HYMN CXLII.

Is there no Balm in Gilead?

1 THE Drops of precious Blood
Which from my Saviour fell,
I count the only Med'cine good,
That ſhall my Conſcience heal;
Peace, O my tortur'd Soul,
Thy Hurt may here be cur'd,
The bruiſed Lamb ſhall make thee whole;
Look up and ſee thy Lord.

2 When nail'd upon the Tree,
Thus ſlay I Sin, he ſaith,
By dying, Sinner, thus for thee,
I ranſom thee from Death;
Behold me chain'd and bound;
Thus I thy Freedom buy;
Look upon me, view ev'ry Wound,
And know for thee I die.

3 My Soul, obedient be,
And look upon the Lamb;
His Blood and Tears behold agree,
To make a heav'nly Balm:
This was of old design'd
To cure the Sons of Men,
Who groan beneath a troubled Mind;
For these the Lamb was slain.

4 His wounded Hands are Leaves
Of him the Tree of Life,
Which if applied, assur'dly saves
From Guilt, and Pain, and Grief;
Yea, if incurable
In our own selves we are,
This Salve will soon renew and heal,
E'en Sinners who despair.

5 Many who felt them lost,
And knew they were undone,
Have by this Means, without their Cost,
Been sav'd, and wear the Crown;
They fell at *Jesu*'s Feet,
And sighing, look'd to him,
Nor look'd in vain, his balmy Sweat,
His Blood did them redeem.

6 Try, O my Soul, yea try
To cure thee here of Sin;
Behold, these Springs are never dry;
Lord, let me here turn in:
Thou may'st, he saith, and calm
Enjoy the Lord thy God;

Come,

Come, Sinner, prove thou *Gilead*'s Balm,
And own 'tis precious Blood.

7 Enough, my Soul replies,
I feel my Cure begin,
For me the great *Immanuel* dies,
And pardons all my Sin;
His bloody Hands apply'd,
It ſtays my Pain and Smart;
I feel I'm in his wounded Side,
I'm graven on his Heart.

HYMN CXLIII.

All Things muſt be fulfilled, which were written in the Law of Moſes, *and in the Prophets, and in the Pſalms concerning me.*

1 HOW well did all the Seers agree
To ſing our *Saviour*'s Myſtery!
And all they ſaid, the Holy Child,
Exactly, when he came, fulfill'd. Hallelujah.

2 In human Form they told *(a)* ſhall *God*
To all his fav'rite Race be ſhew'd:
(b) In human Form the Lord appear'd,
Juſt as his (c) Prophets had declar'd.
Hallelujah.

(a) *Zech.* xii. 10. (b) *Phil.* ii. 7. (c) *Dan.* x. 16.

3 Thus ſpake he once, (d) the Woman's Seed
Shall ſurely bruiſe the Serpent's Head;
(e) *Made of a Woman, he alone,*
The mighty Deed, (f) thro' Death, hath done.
Hallelujah.

4 (g) A *Prophet* ſhall like me appear,
(Taught *Moſes*) him ſhall *Iſrael* hear;
Like him (h) the Prophet Chriſt *aroſe,*
A meek (i) Deliv'rer of his Foes.
Hallelujah.

5 (k) In *Judah* (dying *Jacob* own'd)
Shall yet a royal Scribe be found;
Nor ſhall the Sceptre thence remove,
Till *Shiloh* come from Spheres above.

6 (l) *New Laws in* Salem's *Lands were made,*
The Crown was took from Judah's *Head;*
A Roman, Iſrael's *King became,*
When Chriſt *was born in* Bethlehem.
Hallelujah.

7 (m) A Sign, ſaith God, I *Ahaz* give,
A Virgin ſpotleſs ſhall conceive;
(n) *O'erſhadow'd by Almighty Pow'r,*
The Virgin Mary JESUS *bore.*
Hallelujah.

(d) *Gen.* iii. 15. (e) *Gal.* iv. 4. (f) *Heb.* ii. 14. (g) *Deut.* xviii. 15. (h) *Luke* xiv. 19. (i) *Rom.* v. 10. (k) *Gen.* xlix. 10. (l) *Luke* ii. 1. (m) *Iſa.* vii. 14. (n) *Luke* i. 35.

8 *(o)* To us, *Iſaiah* ſang, is giv'n
A Son, who governs Earth and Heav'n!
A *Child* is born; the *mighty God!*
The *Father* puts on Fleſh and Blood!

9 *This happen'd when (p)* Auguſtus *reign'd,*
No God created. made, or feign'd;
But, he who all Things built, came down,
Was Man, and call'd him (q) David's *Son.*
Hallelujah.

10 The ſame true Witneſs propheſy'd,
(r) His Robes ſhall be with Scarlet dy'd;
(s) A Man of Sorrows, and abhorr'd,
Bruis'd, pierc'd, and ſcorn'd ſhall be the *Lord.*

11 His righteous Soul with Griefs ſhall bow,
Shall bear his People's Sin and Woe;
Shall thus th' Ungodly juſtify,
And number'd with Tranſgreſſors, die.

12 *His Raiment (when oppreſs'd he pray'd)*
With bloody (t) Drops of Sweat was red:
So was he alſo all his Life
A Man of Sorrows, and of Grief.

13 *For all our Crimes he ſtricken was,*
(u) And nail'd with Robbers to the Croſs;
(v) There bear he all our Sins, and dy'd,
(w) And thus poor Sinners juſtify'd. Hallelujah.

(o) *Iſaiah* ix. 6. (p) *Luke* ii. 1. (q) *Rev.* xxii. 16.
(r) *Iſaiah* lxiii. 1. (s) *Iſaiah* liii. 3. (t) *Luke* xxii. 44.
(u) *Matt.* xxvii. 38. (v) 1 *Pet.* ii. 24. (w) *Rom.* v. 9.

14 One ſaw his natal Place, and cries,
(x) From *Beth'lem-Juda* he ſhall riſe:
Thou Land *Ephrata*, out of thee
My People ſhall their Ruler ſee.

15 (*y*) *To* Beth'lem *to be taxed came*
The Virgin, Mother of the Lamb;
And thruſt into a Stable, there
The Hebrew Boy, *the* Chriſt *ſhe bare.*
Hallelujah.

16 *(z)* With *Sheba*'s Gold, from richeſt Soils,
The Kings of *Tarſhiſh*, and the Iſles,
Sheba and *Saba* him ſhall own,
And worſhipping with Gifts fall down.

17 *(a) Three Kings, the Sages from the Eaſt,*
To Herod *him their King confeſs'd*;
Whom when they found in Bethlehem,
They all fell down and worſhipp'd him.

18 *The Babe they in the Manger view'd,*
Behold, amaz'd, th' Incarnate God!
Then Preſents from their Treaſuries gave;
Thus own'd him worthy all to have!
Hallelujah.

19 Is this *(b)* that great *Deliverer*,
That forth from *Zion* ſhould appear?
Jeſus is he! (c) th' Incarnate Word!
(d) The Man, my Fellow, ſaith the Lord!
Hallelujah.

(x) *Mic.* v. 2. (y) *Luke* ii. 1. (z) *Pſal.* lxxii. 10, 11. (a) *Matt.* ii. 1, 11. (b) *Iſaiah* lix. 20. (c) *John* i. 14. (d) *Zech.* xiii. 7.

20 Is he th' (e) *Anointed?* he of whom
The *Pſalmiſt* ſung, a (f) *Prieſt* ſhall come?
The Lamb's that Prieſt of whom he ſpake,
(g) *Anointed like* Melchiſedech.
Hallelujah.

21 Is this the (h) Prince *Meſſiah*, he
Who comes to end Iniquity,
Tranſgreſſion, and to finiſh Sin,
And perfect Righteouſneſs bring in?

22 This the *Moſt Holy?* this the Man
Cut off, and for his People ſlain?
'Tis he, whoſe Righteouſneſs and Blood
(i) *Hath reconcil'd the World to God.*
Hallelujah.

23 When dead, and in Captivity,
Did *Jeſus* (k) no Corruption ſee?
(l) *God did not leave his Soul in Hell,*
Nor did his Fleſh Corruption feel.
Hallelujah.

24 Then did he (m) up with Shoutings riſe?
With Angels, Trumpets, mount the Skies?
(n) *Three days confin'd by Drath he lay,*
Then roſe, and tare his (o) *Sting away!*
Hallelujah.

25 (p) *On Clouds he then triumphant rode,*
Millions attended round the God!

(e) *Pſal.* ii. 2. (f) *Pſal.* cx. 4. (g) *Heb.* v. 10. (h) *Dan.* ix. 24, &c. (i) 2 *Cor.* v. 19. (k) *Pſal.* xvi. 10. (l) *Acts* ii. 24. (m) *Pſal.* xlvii. 5. (n) 1 *Cor.* xv. 4. (o) 1 *Cor.* xv. 55. (p) *Acts* i. 9.

And

And as he ſoar'd, him welcom'd up,
With thankful Shouts, the gladden'd Troop.
Hallelujah.

CHO. For ev'ry Promiſe, *Lord*, of Thee,
Thy Reign, thy Death, thy Myſtery;
Thy Righteouſneſs, and Blood, O King!
We bow our Heads, and thus we ſing,
Hallelujah.

HYMN CXLIV.

Who is this that cometh from Edom *with dy'd Garments?*

1 NOW will I fall before the *Lamb*,
In deepeſt Gratitude and Shame,
And ſing his regale Myſtery,
His Love, and how he deign'd to die.

2 By *Bozrah*'s Way my *Lord* I meet,
'Midſt Thouſands in *Jerus'lem*'s Street,
Groaning, and weeping, and with Gore,
Blows, Sweat, and Bruiſes cover'd o'er.

3 His Croſs I on his Shoulders ſee,
Puſh'd forward by the Company;
Pity'd by none, by all blaſphem'd,
Reproach'd, derided, and condemn'd.

4 Who

4 Who is it? aſk the Strangers, who
Yon Man dragg'd on in Purple Hue?
What makes his Garment look ſo red?
What makes him ſighing, bow his Head?

5 'Tis I, my Lord, an Anſwer makes,
For my afflicted People's ſakes
I tread the Wine-Preſs; all their Sin
My Raiment ſtains, and makes unclean.

6 But, my dear Maſter, I reply,
Why art thou ſo tormented, why?
What makes thee thus ſuch Smart endure?
He ſaith, thy wounded Soul to cure.

6 To *Golgotha*, in greateſt Shame,
I bear thy Load, thy Guilt, and Blame;
There, on my Croſs, I go, that I
Thy Sin with me may crucify.

8 Behold me trav'ling thither, ſee
Me nail'd on the accurſed Tree:
Behold! upon the fatal Wood,
Thy naked *Lord*, thy bleeding God.

9 Yes, *Lord*, amidſt the crowds I view
Thy Body torn, and black, and blue;
I ſee thy Stripes, and weep to ſee
This Trouble I have brought on Thee.

10 Thy bloody Fleſh all pierc'd and tore,
I kiſs, and bleſs Thee, and adore;
Moſt dear to me, thy worthleſs Worm,
Art thou, my God, in this ſad Form.

11 Hear,

11 Hear, Brethren, *Jesu*'s Hiſtory,
And look up to the bloody Tree;
Behold, and bleſs this *Lamb of God*,
In human Fleſh beſmear'd with Blood.

HYMN CXLV.

It is finiſhed.

1 AS *Jeſus* on *Mount Calv'ry* hung,
By Death, with Sin, ſo deeply ſtung,
Juſt as his Soul expired,
Stooping beneath the pond'rous Load
Of all my Sins, his Head he bow'd,
Then from the World retired.
My Lord's
Laſt Words
Were ſo moving,
And ſo loving,
I can never
Ceaſe to mind them, O my *Saviour!*

2 *'Tis finiſh'd*, very loud he cry'd,
My Children, ye are juſtify'd;
I from the World am baniſh'd,
That you might follow me, and hear
From my own Mouth, *your Sin and Fear,*
Your Work and Curſe is finiſh'd.
Your Peace
And Eaſe I, ſo

I, ſo pained,
Have obtained;
Look ye to me,
I, your bleeding Maſter, view me.

3 I, Strength, and Wiſdom, Joy, and Peace,
True Holineſs, and Righteouſneſs,
And plenteous Redemption;
Bliſs, Glory, and Perfection too,
I finiſh as I die for you,
My little Congregation:
Look up,
Dear Troop,
See th' Anointed,
Him appointed
For your *Saviour*;
Thus he perfects you forever.

4 Whoe'er the Lamb's laſt Words believes,
He ſolid Happineſs receives;
He *Jeſu*'s Heir commences;
He then in him himſelf may bleſs,
Compleat in Chriſt, his Righteouſneſs,
And freed from his Offences:
Such prove
That Love
Which ſurpaſſes
Thought, and ceaſes
Care and Folly,
Ev'ry Work, and Word unholy.

HYMN CXLVI.

When they saw the young Child, and Mary *his Mother, they fell down and worshipped him.*

1 WOuldst thou, my Soul, the Father see?
Then with the Sages go
To *Beth'lem*; in the Stable he
An Infant liv'd below.

2 They in a Manger there beheld
In Swaddling-Cloaths the Son;
And low before the holy Child,
They worshipp'd, and fell down.

3 (By Faith they saw th' Incarnate God,
Gold, Frankincense, and Myrrh,
They offer'd, as they wond'ring stood,
The great Deliverer.)

4 Thus did the Kings, the Shepherds too,
Thus, O my Soul, the same,
Go kiss the Son, and worship thou
The humble Babe and Lamb.

5 Close by the Manger still abide,
Nor any Rev'rence pay,
But to this Infant, God descry'd,
And manifest in Clay.

6 Dear

6 Dear little Child, my *Lord* and *God*,
On favour'd *Mary*'s Knees;
I kiſs thy Hands divine, and loud
Thy Condeſcenſion praiſe.

HYMN CXLVII.

And all that believed were together, and had all Things in common.

1 HOW happy were the Brethren when
They all one Mind enjoy'd;
One Faith in the Redeemer ſlain,
For whom were all employ'd.

2 From Houſe to Houſe their Bread they brake,
In Singleneſs of Heart;
Each to his Friend, for *Jeſu*'s ſake,
Did of his Goods impart.

3 In one Communion cloſely join'd,
They faſt together ſtood;
All to the Lamb their Wills reſign'd,
And own'd him *Lord* and *God*.

4 In Order all the Multitude
In holy Pray'r agreed;
In Order bleſs'd his Name and Blood,
Who them from *Moſes* freed.

5 Each to the Church, the *Saviour*'s Wife,
Willing himſelf gave up;
Each liv'd to *Jeſus Chriſt* his Life,
And he was all their Hope.

6 No Strife nor Envy thro' the Whole,
Nor Avarice appear'd;
All had one End, one Heart, one Soul,
All ey'd one great Reward.

7 The Saviour was the Ruler then,
To him they all gave Ear;
All waited at his Feet to learn
What they ſhould do, and where.

8 The Government to him they ſaw
Was by the Father giv'n;
So ſubject were, while Love was Law,
And made their Earth like Heav'n.

9 Their Enemies their Walk beheld,
Their Bliſs did Heathens move;
Who well confeſs'd, with Wonder fill'd,
See how theſe Chriſtians love!

10 O that our *Saviour* would reſtore
Such golden Days again;
Give back our ancient Peace and Pow'r,
Thy Kingdom bring and reign.

11 With Lamb-like Spirits all endue,
With Grace the whole adorn;
And we, dear Lamb of God, will ſhew
That we are thy Firſt-born.

12 When thou our Fellowſhip ſhalt bleſs
With Bleſſings, *Lord*, like theſe,
Our Hearts ſhall flow with Thankfulneſs,
And Gratitude, and Praiſe.

HYMN CXLVIII.

Why is his Chariot ſo long in coming? why tarry the Wheels of his Chariot?

1 I Have taſted *Canaan*'s Grapes,
And now I long to go
Where the *Lord* his Vineyard keeps,
And where the Cluſters grow:
There on new, and living Wine,
My thirſty Soul deſires to feaſt;
Banquet on the Fruits divine,
And be our *Saviour*'s Gueſt.

2 I have here myſelf array'd
In Linen white and clean,
Got the Robe *Immanuel* made
With ſo much Sweat and Pain;
Therefore 'tis ſo much I long
To put it on, and wear it too;
Where the Lamb's redeemed Throng
My rich Attire may view.

3 Now I know in *Jeſu*'s Eyes
I glorious am within;
He, my bleſſed Sacrifice,
Once waſh'd away my Sin:
Yet I ſit by him and ſigh,
Till I among his Saints appear;
Shining in his Majeſty,
The Dreſs he bought ſo dear.

HYMN CXLIX.

God hath given him a Name which is above every Name, that at the Name of Jesus *every Knee shall bow.*

1 EXalted Saviour, who the Loſt
Doſt ſave unto the uttermoſt,
By all the Pow'rs ador'd;
Angels and Saints above agree,
And we below to worſhip Thee,
Our only God and Lord.

2 Thouſands of holy Martyrs praiſe,
O King of Saints, thy righteous Ways,
And ſlaughter'd Infants join,
While all the Prophet's Company,
And th' Apoſtles Senate cry,
To Thee in Songs divine.

3 Twelve Times twelve thouſand Virgins tune
Their golden Harps to Thee alone;
When lo! the glorious Sound;
By Confeſſors, a num'rous Croud,
And all redeemed by thy Blood,
Is eccho'd all around.

4 Thy Churches militant, the ſame,
Sing loudly thy eternal Fame,
O ſpotleſs *Lamb of God!*
In Time, and in Eternity,
Grace will we ſhout, and Glory cry
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